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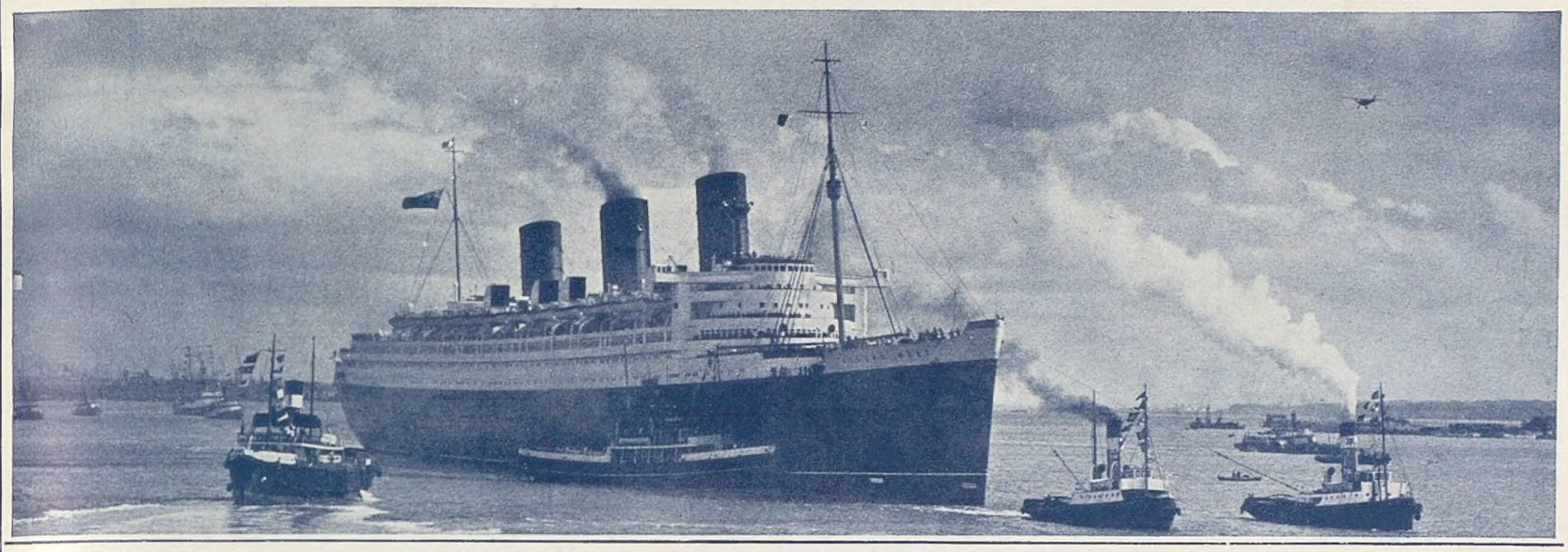
THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLV No. 1896 | WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC | MAY 23 1936

Fully described and illustrated | **THE "QUEEN MARY"** | Special Colour Section in this issue



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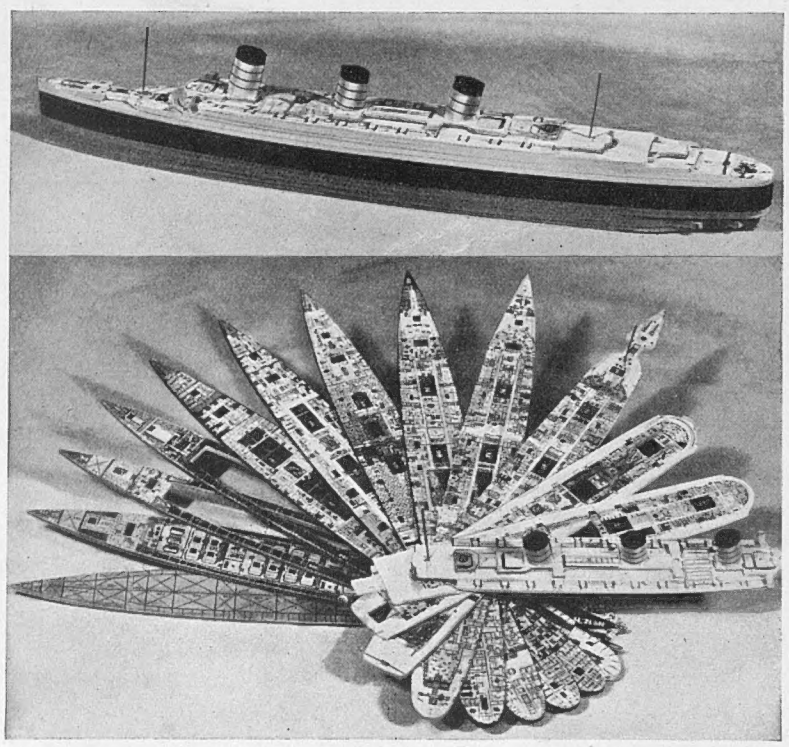

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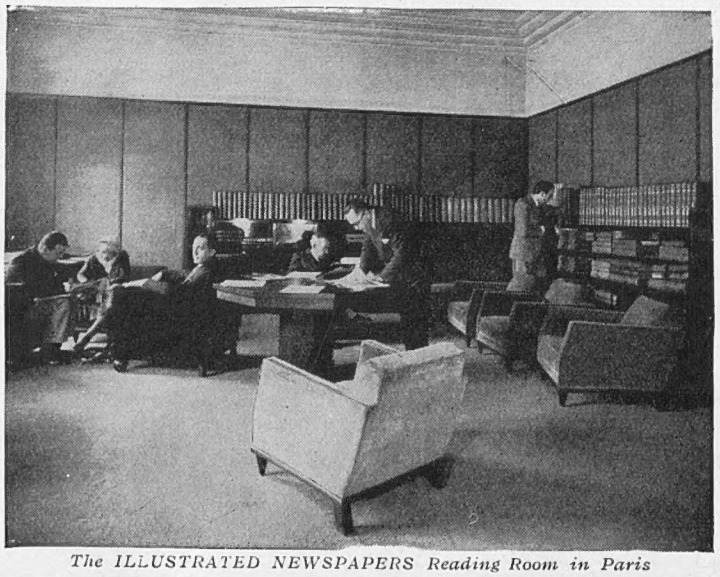

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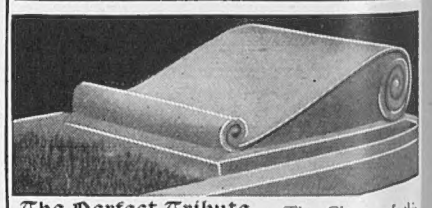

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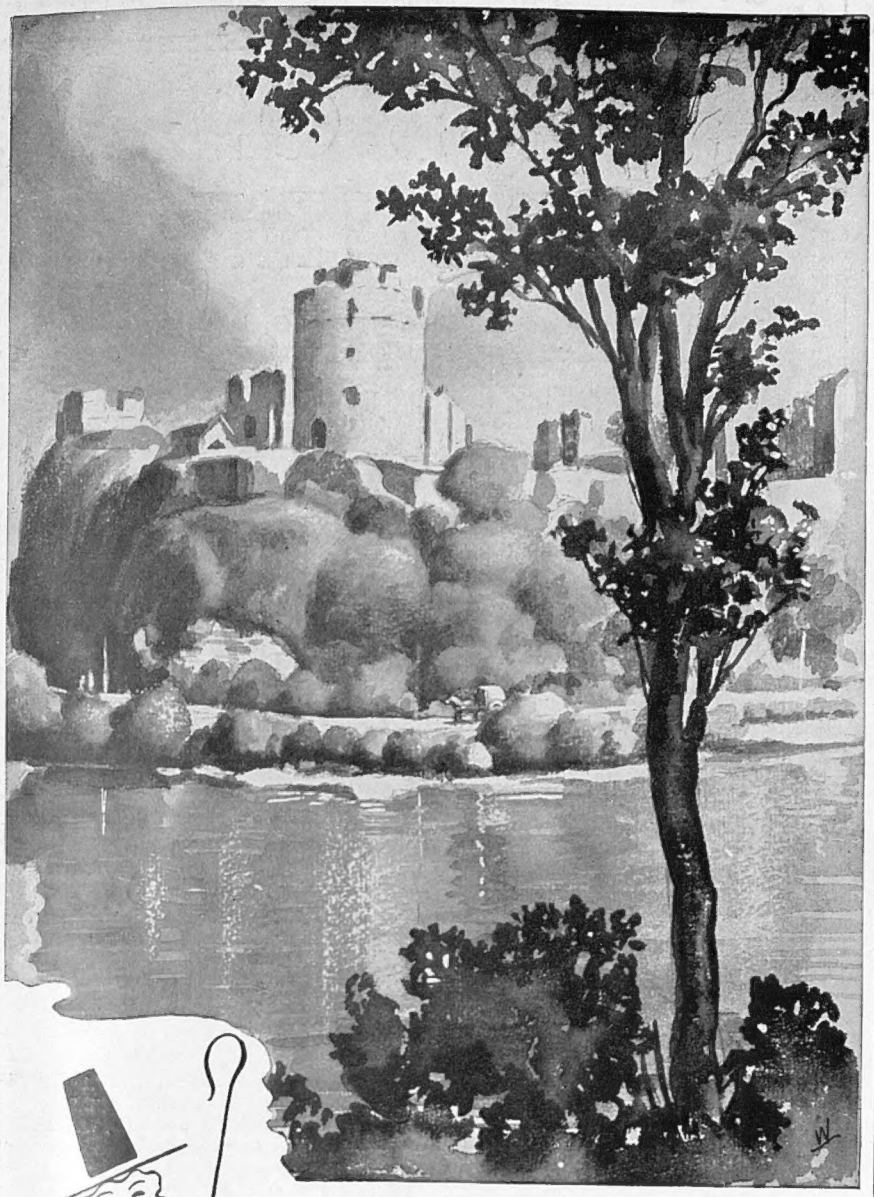

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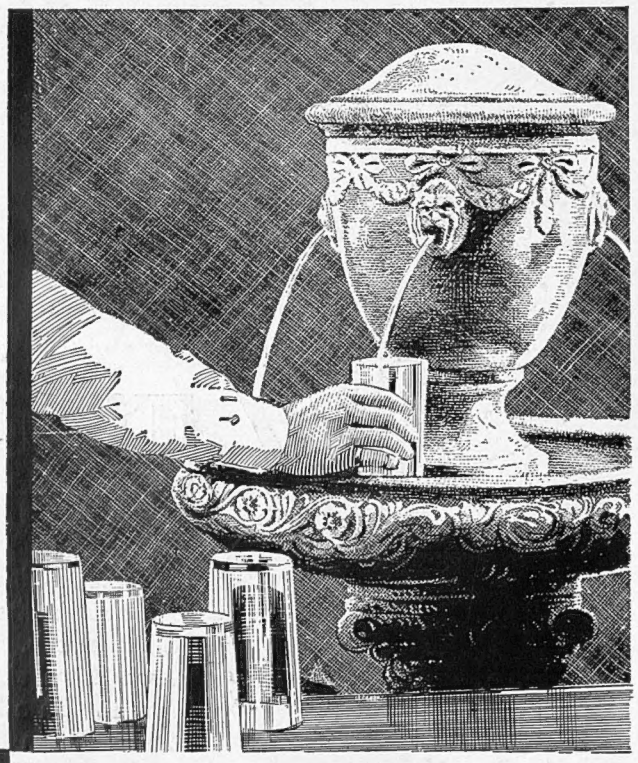

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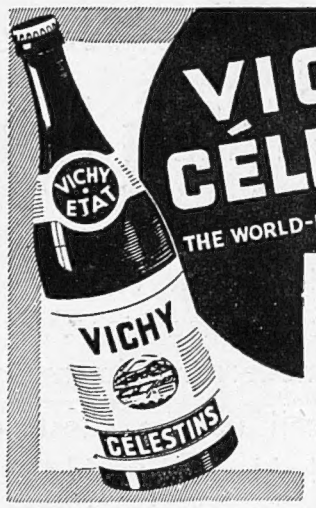

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, May 23, 1936

The Aga Khan's Son Weds Mrs. Loel Guinness

Ceremonies According to French Law and Moslem Rites

Prince Aly Khan, whose father, Aga Khan III, is so well known in Europe as a sportsman and in India as head of the Ismaelite Muhammadans, was married in Paris last Monday to Mrs. Loel Guinness, formerly the Hon. Joan Yarde-Buller, daughter of the late Lord Churston, and the bride and bridegroom are seen here with Prince Sadruddin, the Aga Khan's son by his second wife, a picturesque figure in green velvet trimmed with gold, and with Mrs. Theodore Wessel (right) the bride's mother. There were two ceremonies, one in accordance with French law conducted in strict privacy by the Mayor of the 16th Arrondissement, and the other at the Paris mosque where the Moslem service was held by the Iman Ben Kalifa. It is understood that great festivities will take place in India when Prince Aly and his wife arrive there shortly

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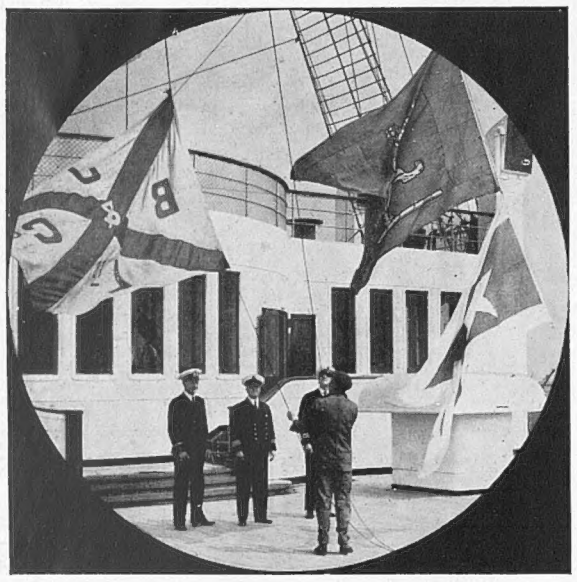
A London Newsletter

HIS MAJESTY THE COLONEL-IN-CHIEF: The King, in the undress uniform of the Blues, and mounted on a black charger, taking the salute at the march past when he held an inspection of the Royal Horse Guards in Hyde Park last week. The picturesque setting and a sunny morning added to the attractiveness of the event, and it was watched by a large concourse of spectators from the fringes of a railed off area between Knightsbridge Barracks and Rotten Row. A minor incident occurred during the ceremony when a member of the band was thrown by his horse, the animal galloping wildly ahead of the regiment

32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C. 4,
Wednesday, May 20, 1936.

LEAKAGE.—The Budget leakage inquiry is still *sub judice* at the time of writing, and therefore commentary is ruled out. On a revelation from the inquiry very free comment has however already been made—a quite irrelevant transaction between Mr. J. H. Thomas and Mr. Bates regarding the purchase of a house. It is a leakage which must have delighted Mr. Thomas' political opponents (for doubtless he has no personal enemies) or infuriated them, according to the genuineness of their Socialism. The genuine "opposition Labour man," who really clings to the ideals of Socialism, may easily affect to be shocked that a Socialist Minister should think it right in these days to spend £15,000 on a house for himself and his wife, and the malicious obviously have rejoiced that the fact should be broadcast to the world. But, politics apart, those who love literature must rub their eyes with melancholy surprise when they learn that a shrewd business man thinks it a sound investment to pay £20,000 blind for Mr. Thomas' reminiscences. How many great books, by expert writers, completed after years of labour, win for their authors less than a hundredth part of that sum. Mr. Thomas is not a notable master of the English language. But Mr. Bates knows the British public and gauges the monetary value of Mr. Thomas' racy account of his combative and variegated career. And no doubt Mr. Bates has judged shrewdly. I don't know how many millions have been spent on education, since Hogarth laid aside his brush dipped in vitriol. I doubt if there is any super-man or super-machine that could arrive at the figure. It is less difficult to assess the percentage of profit from the investment. It is very much less than the $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. which British investment in the Argentine draws to-day. Let us take one example to typify the education—and taste—standards of the British public to-day. Two thousand or more people "queued-up" outside a gaol to wait for the flag to tell that a brutal murderer had taken the drop. That is the advance gained in "culture" since Hogarth painted his pictures.



CEREMONIAL ON THE "QUEEN MARY": Lowering the house flag of Messrs. John Brown and Company and hoisting the double ensign of the Cunard White Star Line to mark the vessel's official handing-over from the builders to the owners, the exhaustive trials and engine tests having been satisfactorily completed

The Maiden Voyage

On Wednesday next the *Queen Mary* sets out across the waters of the Western Ocean on her eagerly awaited maiden voyage—a journey that marks yet another step forward in our long and glorious maritime history. Interest in the great ship continues unabated, and the special colour section given on pages 331–338 of this issue of "The Sphere" includes reproductions of paintings of the liner, pictures of the furniture, fittings, and general décor, and diagrams and illustrations, with explanatory notes, relating to the wonders of the engine rooms, details of which have not hitherto been dealt with extensively in the lay Press

AVID FOR SENSATIONS.—I do not wish to draw any comparison between Mr. Thomas' literary work and sordid sensations—far from it. But they say that what Manchester thinks to-day, England will think to-morrow. Therefore Mr. Thomas, if he can manage the sensations, need not worry over much about the style of his literary composition. The public is still as Hogarth painted it, and will always queue up for a sensation. It remains to say that still to-day, when the "paltry" scale of Ministerial salaries is a subject of almost unanimous criticism in Parliament, there is money to be made legitimately in a political career, even though the plums of office receive but a maximum of £5,000 a year remuneration. A Minister's memoirs may win from a grateful and curious public £800 per annum in perpetuity. The raising of ministerial salaries in my opinion—which is not perhaps worth much—should carry the condition that no Minister during his active career in politics should publish his memoirs or write for the Press. For it would be generally agreed that such writings in the past two decades have done more to throw contempt on politicians than to clarify contemporary history. And that clearly is a view taken, and a principle to be adopted, by Mr. Thomas himself. For which I applaud him.

"THE BULL."—One more high commander in the great war has gone. It has been proved positively that hideous responsibility takes its toll of the strongest heart, and Allenby, like Haig and so many of the rest, wore his heart out. He was a great and also a typical cavalry leader, soldier, and Englishman. He could be hard on his men, tempestuous and, in minor matters, hide-bound. But all with eyes to see—even his exact opposites, like Lawrence—recognised his merits, and his men who had a million eyes, and a million very frank tongues, knew that he planned for their welfare, would go where they must go, fought their battles, and cared for their bodies; and they loved him and said so. But in strategy he was not a "typical cavalry leader." He was pre-eminent. He had that touch of genius which Cromwell had. He was far more liberal-minded than the average cavalry leader. He saw at once the superb merit of the Australians and New Zealanders underneath their apparent "lack of discipline" and he came to understand the heart of the yeoman. Few of his kind ever did that. Allenby, too, had a grand dignity and a really kind heart. A fine soldier; an able "statesman," a great gentleman, his achievements are written in history and give him his place in history.

LORD WILLINGDON—A NOTE ON MARQUESSES.—Lord Willingdon has for pre-eminent proconsular services been raised to the rank of Marquess. (The Frenchified form, Marquis, is now rarely used). It is an interesting fact that the title has come to be linked with service to the Indian Empire, among the latest creations being Dufferin, Curzon, and Reading. It is, like Viscount, a title comparatively sparingly conferred. I believe the first holder of a marquisate was de Vere, Earl of Oxford, who was created Marquess of Dublin in the fourteenth century. The title probably derives from the territorial designation, "Lord of the Marches," and no doubt Margrave is the Germanic equivalent. Anne Boleyn was an early holder, for Henry VIII before her marriage created her Marchioness of Pembroke—pace and vide Shakespeare. Lord Winchester is to-day our premier English Marquess, his title dating from 1551. Lord Huntly, also sixteenth century, is the premier in Scotland and Lord Waterford in Ireland. But usually the title has been bestowed (and soon merged) as a step to a dukedom.

KING GEORGE'S MEMORIAL.—There was no doubt about the Playing Fields—the utility scheme to commemorate King George. The only doubt at all was concerning the fittest site for the statue—the Empire's Memorial. All were agreed that it

must be close to Parliament and to the Abbey—"the Great Abbey which has during many ages afforded a quiet resting place to those whose minds and bodies have been shattered by the contentions of the Great Hall." The only question was, should it be north or south of the Abbey—should it be Abingdon Street or Parliament Square? There seemed to be everything in favour of Parliament Square save one factor. Parliament Square cried out for regalising; dignity, traffic problems, æsthetic considerations, all called for a supreme scheme to tackle its compromises and to make it splendid. The one thing was the fact that the site was already congested with statuary and it was felt that King George must stand—as he stood often in life—in splendid isolation and not as *primus inter praeclaros*. So Abingdon Street won. The clearing of the site will cause the removal of some attractive old houses, dear to memory. But their removal will make a new view of the Abbey not seen perhaps for 300 years. Properly planned, the memorial and its site may well become a pride and glory and place of pilgrimage of the Empire in the heart of the Empire. And the youth of England in the days to come will hurry to play their games through the gates of remembrance of a great King, and will give a passing thought to his care for youth and his love of sport and the open air. *Vita janua mortis—mors janua vitae.*

MR. BALDWIN REPLIES TO HIS CRITICS AND DEFENDS THE LEAGUE: The Premier addressing last week's crowded meeting at the Albert Hall when he spoke to some 7,000 Conservative women, pointing out that the failure of sanctions to stop the East African war in no way meant the end of the League system, although hinting that some changes would be necessary to make a reality of the ideal of collective security. In a passing reference to personal attacks he said: "At this time of the year, in the spring and early summer, there is hardly a dirty ditch that does not produce some midges, but I am not going to be deterred from my path by any midge bites." The remark evoked prolonged applause

THE EMPEROR VICTOR EMMANUELE.— Perhaps the new Emperor of Italy, as he tried on the new imperial diadem, handed him by his dominating and electric minister, sighed and asked "What's in a name?" Perhaps he remembered Dizzy's gift to Queen Victoria and took confidence in the theory that some of the British Empire was acquired by methods not markedly different from Mussolini's. Times are said to have changed (with what colour of truth I know not). Certainly the Hohenzollerns do not change and "Little Willie" was the first to rush into print with a message of congratulation to the Duce. Not that the Duce ever shows signs of needing encouragement but you never can tell, and it is impertinent to pretend knowledge of any individual's private thoughts. Italy is once more an Empire. Empires have not been particularly lucky in history, but Rome's had a very notable run before it declined and fell, and our own has had a short but so far spectacular run.

GARDENS FOR THE WEEK-END.—When the going's good, go all out. That is my maxim. We have had a longish spell of almost perfect May weather. Therefore let us cut high politics and talk of gardens. First, for the experts, Leonardslee, Horsham, Lady Loder's famous garden which by now, no doubt, requires no publicity from me. It opens on Saturday 23rd and again on the 30th. On Sunday 24th my horticultural nap is Cowdray Park, Midhurst. The country round is superb. The park is just now indescribably lovely. The ruins of old Cowdray, where Sir Anthony Browne entertained Queen Elizabeth for deer driving and other delights, are well worth seeing, especially the ceiling bearing the arms of Lord Southampton. Cowdray was once church property and was of course "cursed by fire and water." Twice the curse was terribly fulfilled in the families of occupiers, the Montagus and the Poyntz family, from whom it passed to the Earls of Egmont, from whom the 1st Lord Cowdray bought it. Now the curse has died out. The modern house, about a century old, is no great shakes, but the garden improves every year. Running water now joins effectively in the scheme, the rhododendrons are grand, and the rock gardens important. Tea is provided. And when you have fortified yourselves, I charge you to climb boldly across the track of the eighteenth hole in the park course to the big clump and then to look south across the old ruins to the line of the Downs. You will not see the rival of that view in a long summer's day.

UP PARK.—Queen Mary has been making the most of the lovely May days to visit places of interest and beauty in the southern counties. She came on a sunny day to Up Park, on the Downs above Harting, which is a veritable treasure-house of the best craftsmen of the reign of George I. It was here that Sir Harry Featherstonehaugh lived with fair Emma Cadogan or Hart (later Emma, Lady Hamilton) and from here that prudent Greville took her over when she was dismissed. It was here much later that H. G. Wells acquired the impressions of childhood which are recorded in *Tono-Bungay*. The appeal of the house to connoisseurs (like the Queen) lies in the fact that, by a series of happy chances, the work of the great craftsmen of George I's reign, can be observed practically as they left it (save for the wear and tear of time). The original fabrics, the dimity curtains, the crockery, are all untouched.

SUTTON PLACE.—Sutton Place, where the King spent a recent week-end as guest of the Duke of Sutherland lies just on the urban boundary of Guildford. A year ago, land on the opposite side of the Portsmouth Road was sold for development and already a cluster of the usual type of little houses has been built over against the lodge gates. In answer whereto a long line of various types of fir and cypress trees has been planted just inside Sutton Place. At the moment, these trees are small enough to give to passers-by a fair view of the private golf course which dodges the flood-area ground on each side of the drive. Hundreds of passing motorists of course queued up at the dangerous bend to get a distant view of the King trying out the little course. The old house which can be seen through the bare trees in winter, stands well above the flood-area and dates from Henry VIII's reign. It is a long rambling Tudor house with rare and curious mouldings and excrescences in terra-cotta on its faces. There are large sweeps of lawn and the house and garden have been recently discreetly modernised with many bathrooms and an open air swimming pool. The rooms are fine and not gigantic, Lord Northcliffe owned it at the beginning of this century. It is a serious rival to Loseley, the famous More place on the other side of Guildford, and was originally built for a city worthy in the sixteenth century.

DERBY POINTERS AND TURF FORTUNES.—Lord Astor's colt, Pay Up, is neatly named by Fairway out of Book Debt. I should like to have thought of it. He won a great race for the Two Thousand when he short-headed Mahmoud, the Aga Khan's less fancied entry. Lord Astor won the Two Thousand once before in 1921 with Craig-an-Eran. But he has never won the Blue Ribbon and luck has been against him. He has been second no fewer than five times. Now, once more, as a result of the first classic, he stands to own a favourite for the Derby. His other string, Rhodes Scholar, which ran so well in the Two Thousand will have as many backers as Pay Up, having in him more room for improvement before the Epsom meeting. The danger may be Taj Akbar, now the Aga Khan's most fancied entry for the Derby. Taj Akbar has taken the place of Bala Hissar, which at one time was the Aga's first string. The last Newmarket meeting has produced a new danger from America in the American-bred Flares. Or may be, a dark horse crunches his oats who did not turn out at Newmarket. But it looks quite possible that Lord Astor and the Aga Khan, with five strong fancies between them, will divide the favouritism for the Derby, and perhaps there may be a switch over in their runs of luck. Lord Derby's success in the Thousand won him in stakes alone the salary of the Premier for one and a half years!

"THESE NAMES MAKE NEWS."—From an American journal which describes itself as a "weekly newsmagazine," and is indeed almost entirely devoted to the doings and earnings of film stars, I cull this important "leader" without apology: "Shirley Temple was cinema's No. 1 box-office attraction for 1935. She receives 3,500 letters and $10,000 in an average week. She is, outside of the 100,000 feet of screen film on which she appears every year, the world's most photographed person. Last week in Los Angeles Shirley Temple was getting ready for her seventh birthday. All over the U.S. cinemaddicts packed theatres to see her first release of 1936 and the first picture she has made since the reorganisation of the $54,000,000 company in which she is the most valuable single asset." Next May we shall be able to queue up at the Academy to see Lavery's new portrait of this $54,000,000 company. How true it is that the growth of Hollywood is Civilisation's No. 1 record. It has grown from a small settlement in great California very swiftly and continuously until it has covered the whole face of the world. For to-day Civilisation is—Hollywood. THE OLD STAGER

THE FINAL TOUCH: Two charming young performers pause for last minute "repairs" on arriving by car to take part in a rehearsal of the Twickenham Dance Festival

HAPPENINGS AT HOME

Mrs. Mollison's Return — Captain Vancouver Honoured

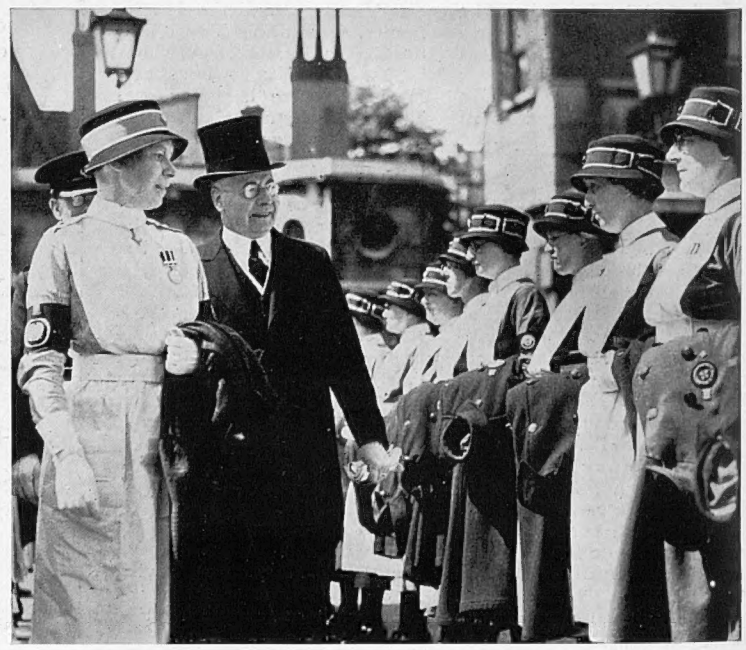
AMY REACHES THE END OF HER AFRICAN ADVENTURE: Mrs. Mollison surrounded by an enthusiastic throng as she left her 'plane (*above*), and pictured with her husband (*right*) on arrival at Croydon last week to complete a record-breaking London-Capetown-London flight in which she beat Flight-Lieutenant Rose's time for the outward journey by 11 hrs., and his time for the homeward journey by 1 day 14 hrs.—a remarkable feat that may not be bettered for some time to come. A crowd of between 4,000 and 5,000 people, many of whom had waited since early morning, gave her a tumultuous welcome as she made a perfect landing, and a few moments later she was received by Mr. J. G. Gibson, Deputy-Director of Civil Aviation, who officially greeted her on behalf of the Air Ministry, handing her a letter of congratulation from Viscount Swinton, Secretary of State for Air. Mrs. Mollison now says she has definitely done with solo flying

PILGRIMAGE TO LOURDES: One of the 130 sick people being lifted into the train at Victoria Station last Monday when a party of 800, organised by the Society of Our Lady of Lourdes, set out for the famous shrine in France under the leadership of the Archbishop of Westminster. There were seventeen stretcher and forty-one carrying cases

LAST RESTING PLACE OF AN IMPERIAL PIONEER: The ceremony at the grave of Captain Vancouver in Petersham Churchyard, Richmond, on the occasion of the 138th anniversary of his death—an event of special significance as this year marks the jubilee of the founding of the Canadian city to which the captain's name is given

THE WHITNEY CUP: Lady Kitty Ritson presenting Mr. C. B. Wrightsman with the trophy after his team, Texas Rangers, had beaten the Jaguars by 8 goals to 4½ in a keenly contested final tie at Hurlingham. Rao Raja Hanut Singh, the Indian member of the England team, played prominently for the winners, scoring three goals

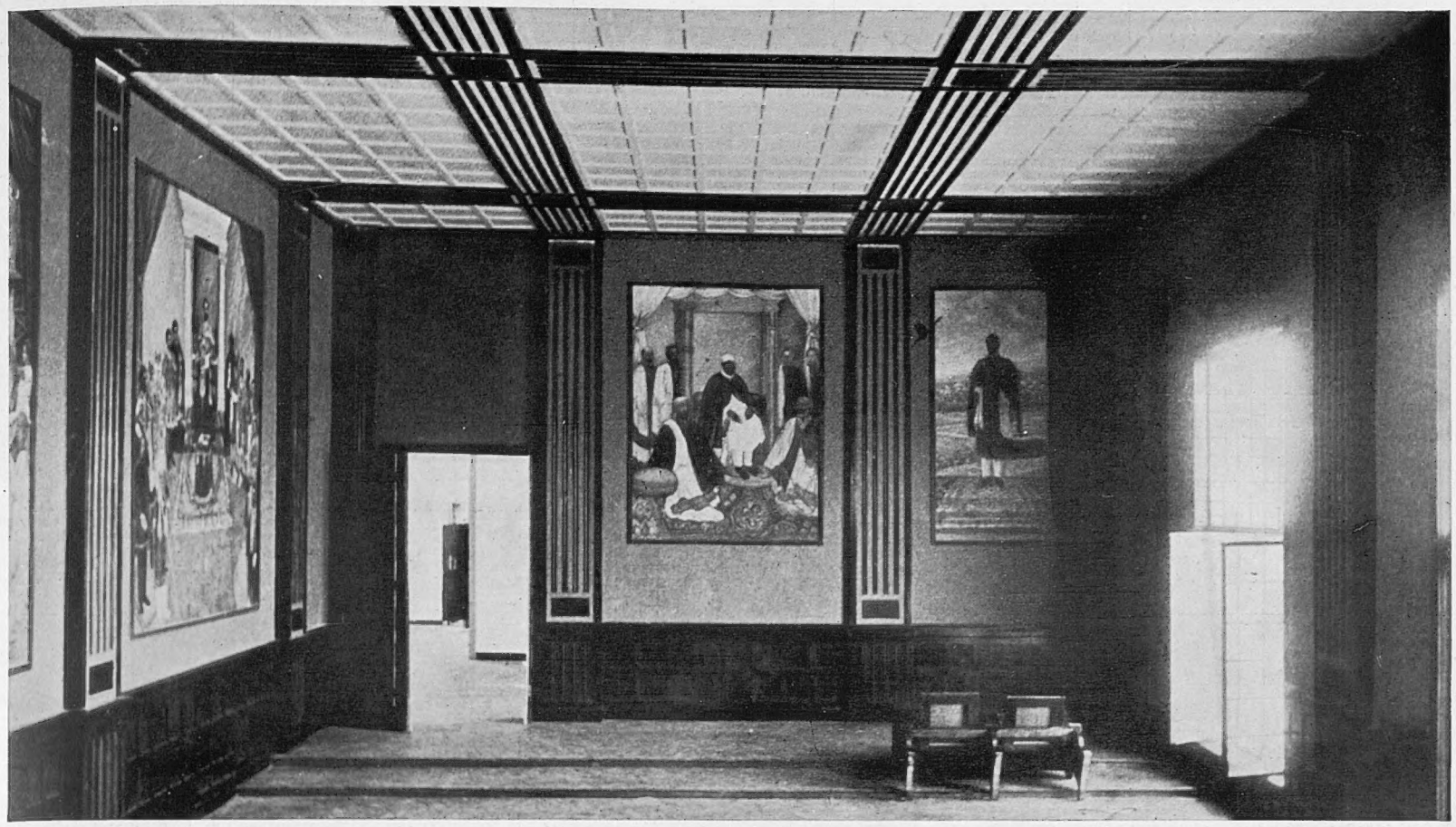
JUVENILE TALENT: Girl musicians carrying their instruments when they arrived for the School Orchestra and Junior Band Festival which was held last week at Queen's Hall



SIR WALTER WORMSLEY, the Assistant Postmaster General, inspecting the Post Office Section of the St. John Ambulance Brigade in the yard of the G.P.O.

ETHIOPIA'S LOOTED CAPITAL :

Scenes in Addis Ababa After it Had Been Sacked by the Mob Following the Flight of the Royal Family

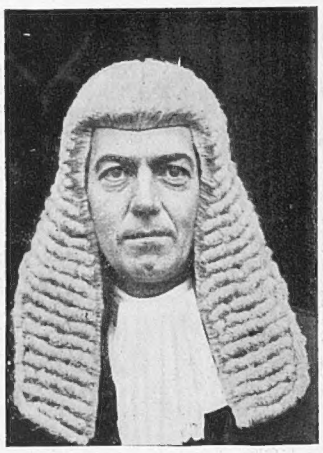


GIBBI'S DESERTED HALLS: A room in the Imperial Palace with pictures of Haile Selassie (left) and other members of the Royal House of Ethiopia adorning the walls, but shorn of all its costly furniture, rich hangings, and other adornments by the citizens of Addis Ababa who responded with alacrity to the invitation of the Emperor, made on the eve of his departure, to take their pick of the palace treasures rather than let them fall into the hands of the advancing Italians. This was how Marshal Badoglio's troops found the place on arrival, but much of the loot has since been recovered as a result of an intensive combing out process through the city. Several hundred Abyssinians it was reported this week, have already been sentenced to death either for refusing to give up pillaged goods or for failing to surrender arms. Mass executions have taken place, groups of between forty and fifty being shot down with machine guns

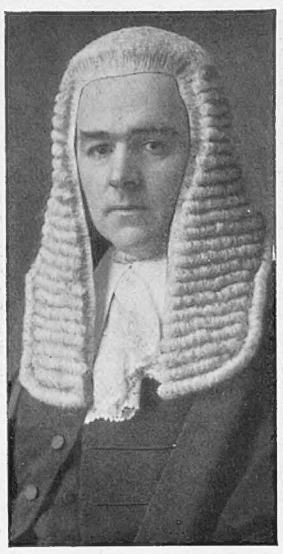
AFTER THE REIGN OF TERROR: *Left*—White residents encamped in the street with the few belongings they succeeded in rescuing when their home was burnt down by the looting mobs and who were evidently unable to reach the safety of the British Legation where hosts of Europeans of different nationalities had been afforded protection by the Minister and his Sikh guards. *Right*—The ruins of public buildings which were completely gutted by the rioters who destroyed everything they did not want for themselves. A picture taken from an Italian transport lorry which had a machine-gun trained on the street

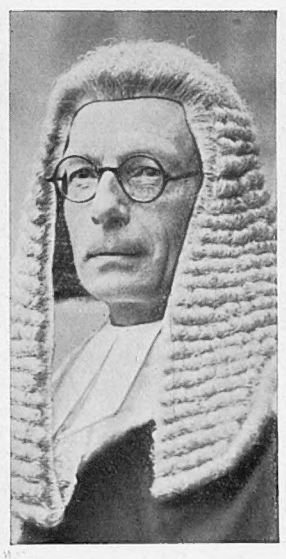
THE TRAIL OF HAVOC AND CARNAGE: Street scenes on the day of Marshal Badoglio's entry, showing on left an Italian guard stationed at a cross roads and the bodies of Abyssinians killed by their compatriots during the looting. The dead, it is reported, have now been buried, many of them in shallow graves by the roadside in the centre of the city, and the fear is expressed that epidemics may result. The Italians have restored complete order, business is already under way again, a bi-weekly train service to Diredawa is in operation, and the bank, radio station, and post office are also open for business

THE BUDGET LEAKAGE TRIBUNAL: A

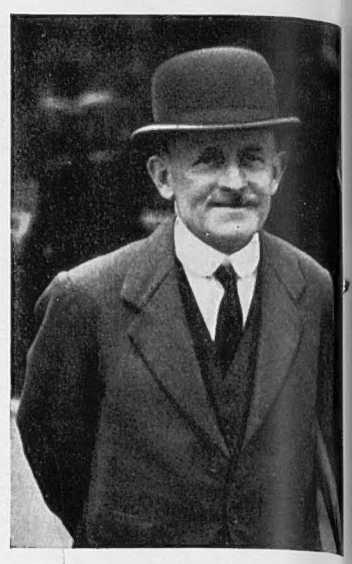


WATCHING THE INTERESTS OF THE CROWN: Sir Donald Somervell, who recently succeeded Sir Thomas Inskip as Attorney-General, started the Tribunal of Inquiry into the leakage of Budget secrets with an opening statement regarding the evidence that had come into the Government's possession. Sir Donald, is M.P. for Crewe

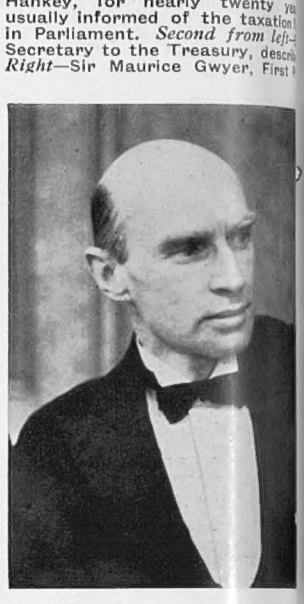




THE THREE MEMBERS OF THE COURT: Mr. Gavin Simonds, K.C. (*left*), who has had thirty years legal experience; Mr. Justice Porter (*centre*); and Mr. Roland Oliver, K.C. (*right*). They opened the proceedings on Monday, May 11, in King's Bench, Court I, and spent an arduous first week cross-questioning countless witnesses from Whitehall and the City in an effort to trace the source of the alleged leakage. Mr. Justice Porter, who has been a judge for two years was formerly Recorder of Newcastle-under-Lyme



WHITEHALL OFFICIALS WHOSE [illegible] Hankey, for nearly twenty [illegible] usually informed of the taxation [illegible] in Parliament. *Second from left*—[illegible] Secretary to the Treasury, descri[illegible] *Right*—Sir Maurice Gwyer, First [illegible]

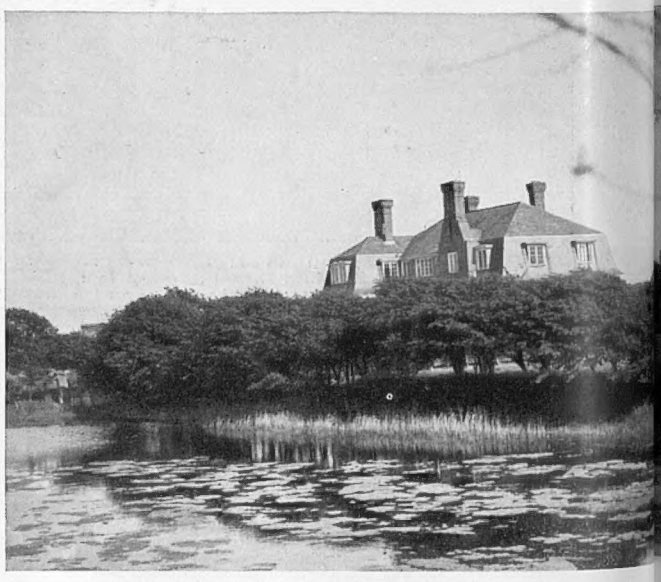


SOME OF THE PEOPLE IN THE HEADLINES: *Left*—Mr. Alfred Bates (life-long friend of Mr. J. H. Thomas), whose Budget insurances were effected on such a large scale. *Centre*—Mr. P. Vergottis, financier and former shipowner, who said he was told by Mr. E. A. Waterton that it was rumoured there would be an income tax increase. *Right*—Sir Alfred Butt, M.P., another friend of Mr. Thomas. It was stated during the inquiry that he underwrote Budget insurance, then called the deal off, and later effected a number of insurances the other way. He denied he had received any advance information from the Colonial Secretary

THREE MORE IMPORTANT WITNESSES: *Left*—Mrs. Winifred Stubbs, [illegible] of Alfred Bates, and for ten years his personal private secretary. S[illegible] employer was interested in Budget insurance on April 14, but had [illegible] matter before April 16, when she gave a Mr. Ward £473 11s. in exchan[illegible] ance effected at 15 guineas per cent. *Centre*—Mr. Harold Eves, who w[illegible] quotations for insuring against income tax changes. *Right*—M[illegible] tobacconist business and insured against an income tax rise, [illegible]

EXCITEMENT AT THE LAW COURTS: The throng, typical of that which has been crowding the pavements during each day's proceedings, in the hope of catching a glimpse of the witnesses

THEN AND NOW! Mr. J. H. Thomas's South Wales home (*left*) in the early days before he had become an outstanding political figure, and (*right*) his London flat at 13-24, Morpeth Mansions



MILBURY HOUSE, FERRING: The home which was acquired by Mr. Thomas as part payment in advance from his friend Mr. Alfred Bates for the complete rights of his life story

"Every modern convenience," most hard-worked and hackneyed of phrases made familiar by house agents, truly applies to Milbury House, the beautiful home of Mr. J. H. Thomas which stands in large grounds near the sea-front at Ferring, on the Sussex coast, and which has been the subject of such interest ever since it was mentioned in the proceedings of the Budget Tribunal. The following is an agent's description of the place, which gives some idea both of its luxury and spaciousness: About 6½ acres. Three reception rooms, American bar, sun parlour, ten bedrooms, three bathrooms. Garage. A modern brick and tiled residence, a charming house on a terrace of white stone. It occupies a beautiful position facing the sea, has a full South aspect and is approached by a carriage drive."

Pictorial Who's Who of a Sensational Inquiry

DENCE REVEALED THE PROCEDURE OF BUDGET PREPARATION: *Left*—Sir Maurice Secretary to the Cabinet, who told the Tribunal that the members of the Government are the coming year about four or five days before the Chancellor of the Exchequer's speech Thomas Barnes, the Treasury Solicitor. *Second from right*—Sir Warren Fisher, Permanent the machinery of his department with regard to safeguarding confidential information. liamentary Counsel to the Treasury, who also helped to substantiate this point

HELPING TO UNRAVEL THE TANGLED SKEIN: *Left*—Mr. W. C. Crocker, the solicitor who unmasked Leopold Harris and his fire-raising gang, and who was given the task of undertaking the preliminary Budget inquiry by Lloyd's. *Right*—Colonel Robert Walker Roylance, deputy chairman of Lloyd's, referred in the witness box "to the comment in the 'room' regarding the flood of last-minute insurance orders, and also to the sudden rise in the premium"

twenty-five years in the employ
stated that she first knew her
nothing personal to do with the
for a cover note of £3,000 insur-
instructed by Mr. Bates to obtain
B. M. Dummett carries on a
said, "as a pure 5—1 gamble"

THE PERSON ON WHOM RUMOUR FIXED, AND HIS STOCKBROKER SON: *Left*—Mr. J. H. Thomas, Secretary of State for the Colonies. "I have heard nine Budget statements," he said, "and this is the very first time I have even heard any question of leakage. I have never disclosed one word to anybody." *Right*—Mr. Leslie Thomas was one of the first to give evidence, and, like his father, is a friend of Mr. Bates, whom he assisted in placing insurance. He himself did not stand to make a penny from a tax rise

MR. AND MRS. J. H. THOMAS: A holiday picture taken at Brighton, where they at one time had a home. It was for his wife that the Secretary of State for the Colonies acquired the much-discussed £15,000 house at Ferring-on-Sea that has figured so prominently in the proceedings of the Tribunal and illustrations of which appear below

Above and on left—THE FERRING HOME: Two more views of Mr. Thomas's house, which was visited by hosts of people during last week-end, who attempted to combine a day's sightseeing with a trip to the seaside

The property is away from all noise. The accommodation comprises:—

Ground Floor: Large drawing-room with sun parlour opening off, large dining room with built-in furniture; opening off this is an American bar, sitting room, etc. In a separate wing are kitchen with new gas cooker, scullery, larder, housemaid's pantry, servants' hall, and chauffeur's bedroom.

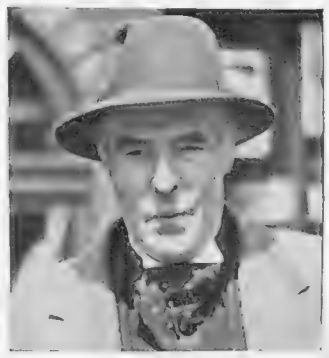
First Floor: Approached by two staircases, five principal bedrooms, three bathrooms. In a wing—four servants' bedrooms, heated linen cupboards, etc.

The house is fitted with all modern conveniences, and the rooms have built-in furniture such as wardrobes, dressing tables, sideboards, etc., all of which are included in the price.

Electric light. Company's gas. Water pumped from well by electricity. Septic tank drainage.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER: Mr. Thomas with Miss Doris Thomas before leaving for her marriage to Mr. Robert Fearnley-Whittingstall in 1931. It was partly to meet the needs of his children and grandchildren that he bought the larger house at Ferring which has no fewer than ten bedrooms

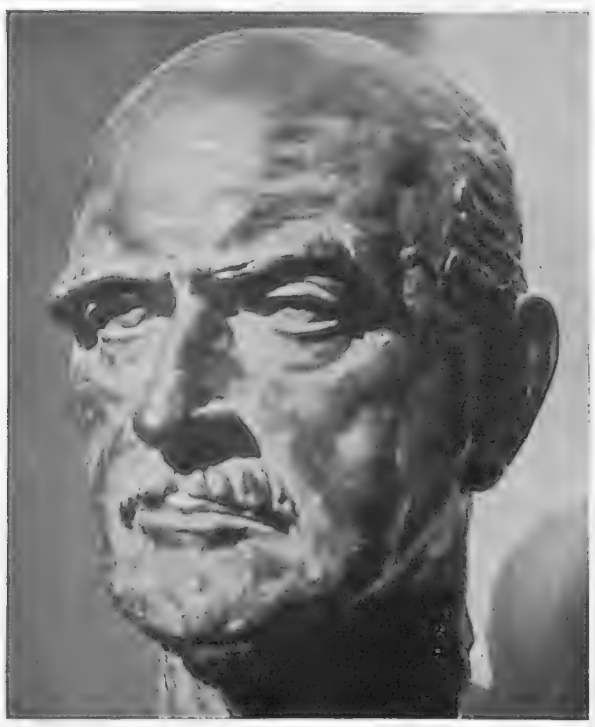
MR. KENNETH BUTT, son of Sir Alfred Butt, who told his father of the activity in the insurance market. They have both been witnesses



MR. REGINALD G. EVES, A.R.A., the noted artist and brother of Mr. Harold Eves who, he said, had handled the whole of his financial affairs for the past fifteen years

THE LAST CRUSADER: A characteristic study of Field Marshal Viscount Allenby of Megiddo whose sudden death from a heart attack at the age of seventy-five brings to a close the career of yet another of the Great War personalities. He was the most consistently successful of the British Army commanders, and posterity will chiefly acclaim him as the deliverer of the Holy Land from centuries of misrule, a victory which stirred the emotions of Christian and Jew throughout the world and had much to do with the ending of the European conflict

IN LATER LIFE: *Left*—Lord Allenby in the uniform of a Field Marshal, the rank to which he was promoted in 1919. *Right*—A picture taken on April 23 of this year, his seventy-fifth birthday. The funeral was held last Tuesday, at Westminster Abbey, following cremation at Golders Green



VISCOUNT ALLENBY: A bust of the great soldier by Felix Weiss, one of the most outstanding of our contemporary sculptors

Something has Changed in France

The Verdict of the Polls, with its Victory of the "Left," Sets the Country on a New Course

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THERE are moments when events seem almost to insist on the vanity of our seeking to confront contemporary European circumstances; as if fate had decreed otherwise in regard to anything we may try and do.

Such a moment surely recurred with the recent French elections when a wretched date in the calendar proved of decisive importance. Had this consultation been cast for a few months earlier, and had it shown the same result (which would have been the case), the whole course of events as between Mussolini and the League must have run differently. By every indication France would have honoured her Covenant signature instead of the Republic putting up the slippery exhibition Laval contrived it should do.

Howbeit, let us swiftly leave the spilt milk, and concentrate instead on what kind of France we *now* have to contend with.

Eighty-two Communists and 146 Socialists, not to mention a further forty or fifty (of 116) Radicals who are as good as (right-wing) Socialists—rather an awesome picture, eh? "A bit too near Moscow for my liking." Would it be quite wise for England to continue to throw in her lot with so rose-red a France?

One or two observations are perhaps permissible on this preliminary score.

(i) The new Legislature is not so deep-hued as its labelling suggests. A considerable section of the Socialists and Radicals are little more than our Liberal-Labour, while a deal of the legislation that will be sought, we have had (better, or in another form) long since.

(ii) The reactionaries who have been vanquished were of late everything but the openly declared enemies of Britain, their most dynamic personages hoping and striving for an eventual Fascist Triplice on the Continent, Hitler-Mussolini-Laval-or-somebody-else, directed against England.

(iii) While the richly subsidised Press of the Right stopped at few excesses of misrepresentation in regard to England and her alleged motives, alone in the newspapers of the Left did we get a fair deal.

(iv) Whatever may be the ulterior motive of some of its number, the newly-elected majority is sincere in its support of security through the League, with France playing her full part.

There can be no mistaking that the newly-won majority represents a France far friendlier to us than the *ensemble* of Money, Privilege, and Big Bourgeoisie that has moved from the scene—though whether it is now too late is another matter.

"Something has changed in France" is the tag of the day in Paris.

Past happenings teach us to be wary about accepting such bright hopes deriving from this quarter, yet this time it seems to be so that nothing short of civil war or revolution, call it which you will, can interrupt the Popular Front's search for an altered Republic. Too many fundamental elements are to be challenged in a Parliament that for the first time in many years looks like possessing a solid and continuing Government majority, which means everything in a land where government has all too long been a game of intrigue and manipulation and of "making the combine."

Few ruling classes in modern times can have thrown away their chance more prodigally and needlessly than the French big bourgeoisie. It heeded nothing and thought that it could get away endlessly gulling a highly intelligent working and small shop-keeping multitude. Now it is going to know differently.

The verdict at the polls was a condemnation of a set of closely correlated things. Of the wholly negative economic policy of the last eleven Governments, since the 1932 election, of the Fascist leagues, of the so-called financial oligarchy wielded eternally by the Right and Centre, of Press lies, of corruption in the upper world, of Pierre Laval and every unblessed thing he stood for both at home and abroad. The French masses have supped, as the saying goes, possibly the origin of "fed up." They, too, do not see why they shouldn't have a shot at a New Deal. Anyway the thing is worth trying—so runs the reasoning even with those erstwhile stalwarts of Centreism, the *petits bourgeois*.

The first victims of the new majority will in all likelihood be the twelve Regents of the Bank of France, MM. de Wendel, Vogüe, Mirabaud, Neuflize, Mallet, Weil, Poulenc, Darblay, Tinardon, Duchemin, Hottinguer, and Rothschild. This largely unknown dozen have been the real rulers of France, for long, in the background. For, in addition to presiding (with slight official collaboration) over the Government Currency Institute they are directors of no fewer than ninety-five national enterprises between them. These include thirty-one private banks, eight insurance companies, six electrical concerns, eight mining companies, nine railways, eight shipping firms, seven steel companies, and twelve chemical concerns. These Regents, to borrow an Americanism, have had it all sewn up; have been "in" on every salient aspect of the national life and economy. Apparently they are to be broken by the nationalisation of their institution which is to be rechristened the Banque de la France.

This will be M. Daladier's special contribution to events, even as another artisan of the attempted new order, M. Léon Jouhaux, has made himself chiefly responsible for the assault on the arms industry. One reason there are grounds for believing that things may really be about to change in France is that everything has been so carefully thought out and planned in advance. The arms industry is also to be nationalised, which will abolish the enormous sway of Creusot and the notorious Comité des Forges. It would be hard for English people to realise how such institutions have governed the whole life of France ever since the war reared them upon high.

There are also grounds for believing that high officers in all three Services, whose attitude during recent perturbations has given ground for supposing that they might not be wholly dependable in all conceivable arising circumstances, may find themselves placed on the retired list. This is a serious matter because thus far the General Staff—a mighty power too—has managed to prevail aloofly above the tumult. But the conquering Left wishes to be quite sure that should Colonel de la Roque and his armed 800,000 move to violence, the *Ligues* shall find no support among the paid forces of the State.

The next high spot in the "minimum programme" agreed upon before the election by the three coalescing Parties has to do with a vast national Public Works programme in order to relieve unemployment, and it is here that the Popular Front would be well advised to go and consult such a one as Henri de Man, in Belgium. I have a fear that the Popular Front is about to indulge an unremunerative squandering stunt, all spectacle. Belgium's able Labour Minister has been down to this side for a solid year and he doesn't believe in the spectacular one bit. Of exceptional interest should be the methods employed in applying "State-stimulus in every economic field," quoting M. Blum.

The final high light to come—and I leave it to the last because it is expected to test the Left's powers to the utmost—concerns the dissolution and disarmament of the Fascist leagues. Real, genuine disarmament and break-up, this time, not just the putting of weapons away in cupboards, as occurred last December after the ludicrous alleged rapprochement in the Chamber between Fascists and the armed extreme Left.

The whole fight is typically crystallised as being one of "*Le Peuple contre les Deux Cents Familles.*" These are the richest in the country, whose fortunes are said to govern State action in realm after realm. They may be said to gravitate about planets represented by the twelve Regents of the Bank of France. The Communists, in particular, are crying aloud that the fortunes of the *Deux Cents* shall be laid bare, which cannot under existing banking law be done. The Communists won their signal victory on the attractive slogan, "A Free, Strong, and Happy France." The new recruits, sixty of them, are nearly all young manual labourers, the intellectual Communist having been rejected by the distant inspirer of victory, Comrade Dmitroff, Secretary of the Comintern, he who stood up to the maddened Göring at the Reichstag Fire trial.

The heroes of the Communists are the veteran Senator Marcel Cachin, chief of the famous *Humanité*, which now has the biggest unstimulated circulation in France, and Maurice Thorez, the organising Secretary-General of the Party. Like the majority of the new Communists in the Chamber, Thorez is of good appearance, manner, and speaking quality. It is freely admitted that the Communists are a not unattractive lot in themselves, and it will be up to the other Parties to see that they do not expand still more, particularly as a great drive is being organised in the provinces where already, in nine centres, over 1,000 proselytising "teachers," all able young men, are under training.

The new Premier is often referred to as the Ramsay MacDonald of France. There are resemblances: the aristocratic touch, the aesthete, the literary talent, but Blum is not a bit aloof or mystical and he is to-day, at approximately the same age, in much greater vigour than Mr. MacDonald. Léon Blum is rich, with shares all over the place, which should help him now as he tackles the Money Power; he has one of the most sought-after *salons* in Paris; is a lover of the arts; and his pen is just one sheer delight in action. He is going to concentrate, among other things, on reviving Disarmament.

Edouard Daladier is the dead-straight lawyer of Orange who had to go over the Concorde riots—most unjustly, many think. Daladier believes in England, and says so, in which regard he is akin to Herriot, who, when Right attacks on us waxed most virulent some weeks ago, made speech after speech proclaiming that les Anglais were being cruelly maligned.

And now . . . *nous verrons!*

JERUSALEM'S ETHIOPIAN COLONY

Where the Emperor and His Family Have Found Refuge

"THE ETHIOPIAN QUEEN'S BUILDING": The imposing stone-built house which was officially opened by the Empress, and accommodates the staff of the Ethiopian Legation in Jerusalem which numbers among its tasks the work of caring for the many hundreds of pilgrims who come to the Holy City each year, looking on it as their spiritual home. *Above on right*—Empress Menen in the chapel of St. Helena in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre during her visit two years ago

ABYSSINIAN RELIGIOUS HOUSES IN THE HOLY LAND: *Left*—The reed church beside the banks of the Jordan, built in the circular fashion, and typical of hundreds of places of worship in Abyssinia. *Centre*—The new convent, which was opened by the Empress. Above the entrance is the Emperor's coat of arms, the Lion of Judah. *Right*—The dome of the Chapel of St. Helena which forms the Abyssinian portion of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre

DIVINE SERVICE in progress in the reed church with two priests officiating beside the rudely built, domed altar. On the walls are religious paintings of the Madonna and of Christ's baptism

MECCA OF THE DEVOUT: Exterior and interior views of the Abyssinian Church which architecturally is not unlike St. George's Cathedral, Addis Ababa. It is lavishly decorated, much money having been spent on its adornment as a result of the generosity of the Royal House and of the countless pilgrims from East Africa who flock to Jerusalem, regarding the making of this journey as essential at least once in a lifetime

FOREIGN SURVEY

THE VICTORY OF THE "LEFT": M. Blum, the leader of the French Socialist Party which won such a triumph in the recent elections, shaking hands with M. Daladier (left) after being received by M. Sarraut whom he will shortly succeed as Premier. M. Blum is preparing a most elaborate and drastic programme which includes the nationalisation of the manufacture of Armaments

BARON ALOISI WALKS OUT: The leader of the Italian delegation to the League of Nations, seen on the platform at Geneva station before leaving for Rome after receiving Mussolini's instructions to withdraw. No explanation was given

THE CANADIAN WAR MEMORIAL ON VIMY RIDGE—consisting of two massive pylons with sculptured figures rising from a base 237 ft. in length—is now nearing completion after fourteen years work which has involved an expenditure of £250,000, and it is to be unveiled on July 26, a ceremony that may be performed by King Edward in the presence of 8,000 or more Canadians. Mr. Mackenzie King, the Canadian Premier; M. Lebrun, the French President; and other notabilities have signified their intention of being present

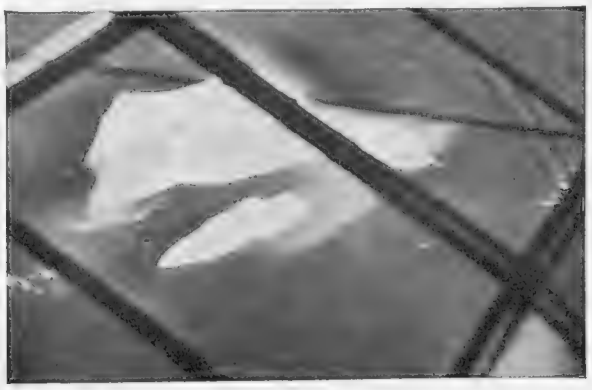
WHILE ALL THE WORLD WONDERED: M. René Drouillet, who flew off with an aeroplane ordered for the Emperor of Abyssinia after he had been allowed to test it, addressing radio listeners on returning to Villacoublay, France, where his adventure began, and where he was arrested after landing. Drouillet had intended to reach Addis Ababa, but an oil defect forced him to come down in Italy

THE "HINDENBURG'S" OCEAN RECORD : Germany to the U.S. in Fifty-nine Hours

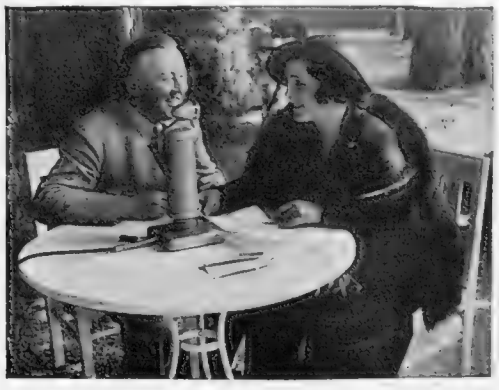
SAFE AND SOUND: Germany's giant Zeppelin, *Hindenburg*, being manœuvred up to the mooring mast at Lakehurst, New Jersey, after completing an uneventful voyage from Friedrichshafen in fifty-nine hours, and setting up a new record for the east to west crossing of the Atlantic, easily beating the time of eighty-one hours of the *Los Angeles*. A bucking, shifting wind that swept across the field just as the *Hindenburg* was descending threatened to endanger the mighty dirigible, but Pressmen and spectators came to the rescue, grasping at the trailing ropes while the skilled assistance of a naval ground crew was hastily summoned. On board were fifty-one passengers and a profitable pay load of 26,000 lb. of mail and cargo, including many cases of Rhine wine

DR. HUGO ECKENER, President of the Zeppelin Company and adviser to the commander of the *Hindenburg*, looking on from the gondola as U.S. sailors assisted in manœuvring the dirigible up to the mobile mooring mast at Lakehurst. "The trip was so smooth," said one passenger on disembarking, "that we felt as though we were in a car on a concrete road. There was so little sensation we became almost *blase*." The *Hindenburg* started her return journey on May 12, and made even better time, reaching her home airport at Frankfurt in 48 hrs. and 17 mins. She passed over Gloucester, Oxfordshire, and Essex en route

GIVING THEM A STORY: Dr. A. Voldt, one of the *Hindenburg's* passengers, who is now giving a lecture tour in the United States, interviewed by the Press on arrival at Lakehurst. He was full of praise for the airship's performance



DANGER DOWN BELOW: The *Hindenburg* passing over vast icebergs in the North Atlantic, a peril to shipping that the commander of a lighter-than-air craft can look upon with equanimity. The position of the bergs was recorded and a warning wirelessed to vessels in the vicinity



LADY DRUMMOND HAY, who has crossed the Atlantic in the *Graf Zeppelin* and made other adventurous flights, and whose writing is well known to "Sphere" readers, broadcasting before leaving Friedrichshafen in the *Hindenburg*

SOHO—HEART OF LONDON'S ITALIAN COLONY which to-day numbers some 17,000 people

ITALY *in* ENGLAND

Subjects of King Victor Emmanuele who have Made their Home in this Country

By CHARLES GRAVES

AS I write this there are 22,000 full-blown Italians resident in Great Britain, of whom 17,000 live in London, this being the largest and best organised foreign colony in the country. Considering, however, that there are over 12,000,000 Italians living outside their native land, which includes 1,000,000 in New York and 350,000 in the Seine Department, the most insular Englishman cannot grumble. In any event the association of Italy with England goes back for centuries. Without tracing this as far as the Roman Conquest and occupation which lasted for five centuries—even London is of Italian origin—there has been an Italian colony in this country since the year 1200.

Look at Lombard Street. That is a good example of the pervading influence of the Italian merchant bankers during the thirteenth century. They came from Florence, Genoa, and all parts. The chief families were the Bardi, Peruzzi, Medici, and Pallavicini. The pawnbroker's sign is a direct copy of the Medici's escutcheon. In those days these foreign bankers were mixed up in politics and lent money to king after king, until in 1456 there was an insurrection and an edict by Edward IV compelling them to leave London for a period of five years. Most of them settled in Winchester, which consequently enjoyed a peak of prosperity never climbed before or since. In the sixteenth century the ranks of prize-fighters, doctors, and alchemists contained large numbers of Italians; and don't forget that there was once an Italian Queen of England, Beatrice, the wife of King James II.

To-day there are in London, in addition to the Italian Consulate and Embassy, an Italian Chamber of Commerce, an Italian Co-operative Club, an Italian Benevolent Society, an Italian Hospital, and a branch of the Italian Legion. In addition there are offices of the Italian State Railways and the Italian National Institute of Exchange. I do not know whether Italian Decorations, Ltd., Italian Marble and Tile Importers, Ltd., the Italian Produce Company, the Italian Sculptured Marble Company, or the Italo-Belgian Bank are controlled by subjects of Il Duce, but they appear to make a fairly formidable showing of Italian enterprise in this country.

Oddly enough, the headquarters of the Italian colony in London is at 15, Greek Street. This is the office of *Italia Nostra*, a weekly publication with a circulation of 5,000. There has been, incidentally, an Italian newspaper in this country since 1813. Here, too, are the offices of the Blue Ribbon Society, the Association of Wounded ex-Soldiers, of the Italian School, and of the Association of ex-Service Men. Here, too, is the Italian Co-operative Club and the Culinary Exchange. They tell me that it is one of the three best institutions of its kind in London for securing jobs as waiters, bottle-washers, or any other manual worker upstairs or downstairs in London restaurants. Also at Greek Street are the offices of the National Association of Italian Grenadiers and of the Italian Alpini.

Number 15, Greek Street really seems elastic beyond all words. But then Italian head-waiters have always had a gift for getting more people into a small space than anybody else in the world. For 15, Greek Street is also the headquarters of the Association of Natives of Fubine. This is a small village in Italy with a population of 1,500, near Asti. Despite this, there are 500 old Fubines in London alone and another 2,000 in New York. Quaglino's chef is president of the Society in London. The Piedmontese Clan also has its headquarters here, as well as the Italian Society of Painting. Every week there are dances and other junketings in the Club. They have a fine ballroom with a good dance floor and suitably gay walls. It was too small, however, to hold all those members of the Italian colony who wished the other day to celebrate with a grand ball the declaration of Mussolini that the Abyssinian War was over. They had to go elsewhere.

Greek Street is only one of the two leading centres of the Italian colony in London. The other is round Saffron Hill. The Ice Cream Merchants' Association, the Trentino Club, and the Roman Club, as well as the Italian Church of St. Peter, are all in that neighbourhood. The ice cream merchants used to number 600 or 700, but now the carefully organised businesses of Mr. Wall and the Eldorado Company have rather squeezed them out. There are only about fifty of them left.

Of course the main profession of Italians in this country is the café, restaurant, and tea-shop business. The poor Italian who comes to London usually starts an ice-cream round or—in the old days—went round with a hurdy-gurdy or barrel organ. Being parsimonious he saved his money and ventured out into a small tea-shop, from which he rose to a café and from there to a small restaurant, sometimes ending up in a blaze of glory with a real West End rendezvous.

The most famous restaurateur is, of course, Quaglino. He, however, comes of a prosperous vineyard-owning family, and served his apprenticeship in the smartest hotels of New York and Biarritz before coming to London in an already responsible position. The manager of Claridge's which must be the goal of every hotelier who has decided not to branch out on his own, is an Italian. The restaurant managers of the Savoy, Grosvenor House, and the Ritz, the Carlton, the Dorchester, and the Berkeley are Italians. So, too, are my old friends, Manetta, the grill-room manager of the Savoy, and Andrew Gualdi, the manager of the Embassy, the smartest club in the world. But there is no need to stress the complete monopoly in this direction held by Italians.

There are many hundreds who have nothing to do with this business and yet earn a fine wage in London. There are, for example, 200 mosaic workers, one of whom is Carnera's younger brother. They mostly live at Saffron Hill. So, too, do 300 plaster workers who come from sunny Italy, while the wrought iron workers number 250. In addition, there are naturally Italians in the Italian Banks, Italian motor car showrooms, and in Covent Garden where the green fruit trade, in particular lemons and peaches, has a strong Italian tinge.

Furthermore, there are distinguished Italians who have never taken out naturalisation papers and who do not come under any of these headings. At the top is Senator Marconi, followed by Sir Aldo Castellani, and Fortunino Matania, whose delightful art has so frequently charmed the readers of THE SPHERE and *Britannia and Eve*. Minor concentrations of Italians apart from Saffron Hill and Greek Street are to be found in Highbury, Lancaster Gate, and Muswell Hill.

Meantime the Anglo-Italian theatre has been established in Gladstone Park Gardens; the Italian Institute of Secondary Schools is at Hyde Park Gate; while the Friends of Italy movement has its headquarters in Regent Street. The Benevolent Society pays out at least £3,000 a year to members who are too ill to work, or too poor to return to their own country, and every year, jointly with the Italian Government, it pays for the holidays of about 250 London-born Italian boys to be spent in their land of origin which they might otherwise never see.

(Continued on page 350)

A POPULAR FIGURE: His Excellency Dino Grandi, Italian Ambassador in London, with children who attended the celebrations at the Embassy after the announcement of the conclusion of the Abyssinian War. Signor Grandi, who is forty-one, has held this post since 1932, and has shown himself a diplomat of a high order

PRIMA BALLERINA: Gusty Pichler, a figure of infinite grace, as she is lifted high in the air by her partner, Willy Fraenzel, during the presentation of "Voices of Spring," a ballet with the music of Johann Strauss, at the Vienna Opera House. The other pictures reproduced on this page were also taken during the same production and are of particular interest at this moment as London's season of Russian Ballet has just opened at the Alhambra under the direction of Michel Fokine, and enthusiasm for this ever-popular medium of entertainment now appears to be at its height

RHYTHM OF THE DANCE: Gusty Pichler and Willy Fraenzel in another movement from "Voices of Spring" at Vienna Opera House

Action in the Ballet

WHITEHALL LOOKING ITS BEST: Two impressions of the "green break" in this famous thoroughfare, which will disappear if and when work begins on the erection of the vast block of Government offices now being planned to accommodate five ministries. At the moment it is a delightful spot with the new foliage creating light and shade patterns on the cool sidewalks

MID-DAY INTERLUDE: Office-workers enjoying the sunshine on the great expanse of lawn that stretches away in front of the Victoria Tower. The flowering shrubs in the background are particularly lovely this year

SPRING IN WESTMINSTER

MAY 19, 1536

The 400th Anniversary of Queen Anne Boleyn's Execution on Tower Green

THE TRAGIC QUEEN: Anne Boleyn's character remains a baffling problem, as enigmatic indeed as her expression in this portrait painted by an unknown artist in the flat, decorative convention typical of the period. It compares interestingly with the picture reproduced on the right-hand page

JUST 400 years ago, this week, Anne Boleyn, one of the best known of English Queens, was executed on Tower Green. She had been accused of serious crimes, had been tried before twenty-seven peers who had all been unanimous concerning her guilt, but as no trace of the evidence which condemned her has come down to us, the question of her innocence still remains open.

The tragedy of her death followed quickly upon the scene of her gay life at the Court. It was on the occasion of the May Day revels at Greenwich that King Henry first showed his displeasure with the young wife, to obtain whose hand he had risked so much. He left the tournament abruptly and rode off towards London, leaving Queen Anne, whom he never saw again. The following morning she was summoned before the Privy Council and accused of improper behaviour against the King's Majesty. She asserted her innocence, but in spite of this, was placed under arrest and conveyed up the river to the Tower.

The Tower up till that moment had been a place of happy memories for her—for there she had spent eleven days before her coronation, having come as on this occasion by boat from Greenwich, but in far different guise. Then she had been followed by barges, gay with flags, cannon had pealed from the Tower, and King Henry himself was waiting there for her. Three years a queen, and now the Lieutenant of the Tower was receiving her as a prisoner. She asked if she were to go to a dungeon, but the Lieutenant replied "No, Madam, to your own lodgings where you lay at your coronation."

The days passed quickly on. By the 11th the Grand Jury of Middlesex had drawn up the fearful indictment accusing her of unfaithfulness to the King and naming her brother, Lord Rochford, and four others as being guilty with her. All five men were condemned at a trial which may, or may not, have been fair but, at any rate, had been before a jury who, according to the brief record, were satisfied of their guilt. On May 15 Queen Anne was brought before her judges, who included the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk and twenty-five other peers, men of the highest rank and of good reputation. The poor queen again pleaded innocence but, though the Duke of Norfolk shed tears, he pronounced sentence of death upon the beautiful woman whom he had known so long—first as Maid of Honour and afterwards as the imperious young queen.

Four days later, on May 19, at nine o'clock in the morning, she was led out to Tower Green, within the precincts of the old fortress. The Lord Mayor was there, and many of the citizens, those probably who had cheered her on that exciting day—the very same May 19—when as lovely Anne Boleyn, she had ridden in State from the Tower, through the decorated streets of the city, on her way to Westminster to be crowned. A headsman, clothed from head to foot in black stockinette, was now awaiting her. He was a Frenchman from St. Omer, a skilled swordsman, as she had begged the special favour of being beheaded by a sword, instead of the usual axe. Four ladies attended the queen who was led by the Lieutenant. She seemed to walk feebly but once on the scaffold showed courage, addressing the assembled people with a smile. "Christian people, I am come to die. And according to the law, and by law, I am judged to death, and therefore I will speak nothing against it. . . . I pray God save the King, and send him long to reign over you; for a gentler and more merciful prince was there never; and to me he was ever a good, a gentle, and sovereign lord. . . ."

She then laid aside her ermine cloak, took off her headdress, and knelt down by the block, the executioner performing his work skilfully. She had spoken to the lieutenant about the manner of her death, saying "I have a little neck." Kingston, the Lieutenant of the Tower, wrote that same day to the Lord Chancellor, Thomas Cromwell, "I have seen many men, and also women, executed, and they have been in great sorrow; and to my knowledge this lady hath much joy and pleasure in death." The body of Anne Boleyn was carried into the chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula in the Tower and buried in the choir.

Though one cannot but feel compassion for the tragic death of Anne Boleyn, one cannot forget her own climb to power over the unhappy Queen Katherine. She had shown no sympathy for the fallen queen, and her insolent manners, when in high position, had aroused much animosity. She was a woman without great goodness of character or brilliance of mind, but her beauty and vivacity had won King Henry, whose love-letters breathe the intensity of his passion.

B. H.

ANNE BOLEYN'S SUCCESSOR: Jane Seymour who was betrothed to the King on the day after the Queen's execution. A portrait by Holbein which exemplifies the artist's extraordinary observation of small details, a close examination revealing that the end of the thumb of the right hand gives the impression that the skin is worn as if by needlework, a circumstance that calls to mind that Jane was a fine seamstress

ANNE BOLEYN
by
HOLBEIN

A Portrait that is the Subject of Controversy

Anne Boleyn, England's tragic queen, whose doom was virtually sealed through the fact that she gave Henry VIII no prince, and who was beheaded 400 years ago this week, is believed by some to be the subject of this portrait by Holbein, which is now in Windsor Castle, and there is a certain amount of evidence in favour of this supposition. While it must be admitted that the drawing shows little indication through the costume and headdress that it represents a queen and it is also true that Holbein only came to court in 1536, the year that Anne died, the features, on the other hand, clearly correspond with contemporary descriptions of the Queen, particularly in the matter of her chin, which was "swollen and enlarged as if by an ulcer"—a point made by Gerald S. Davies in his book, *Hans Holbein the Younger* (George Bell, 1903). It is believed, too, that the naming of the Windsor portraits was carried out by Sir John Cheke, tutor of Edward VI, and if this surmise is right it is scarcely credible that the eminent scholar should have erred in identifying the facial characteristics of one so outstanding, who lived and died in his own times

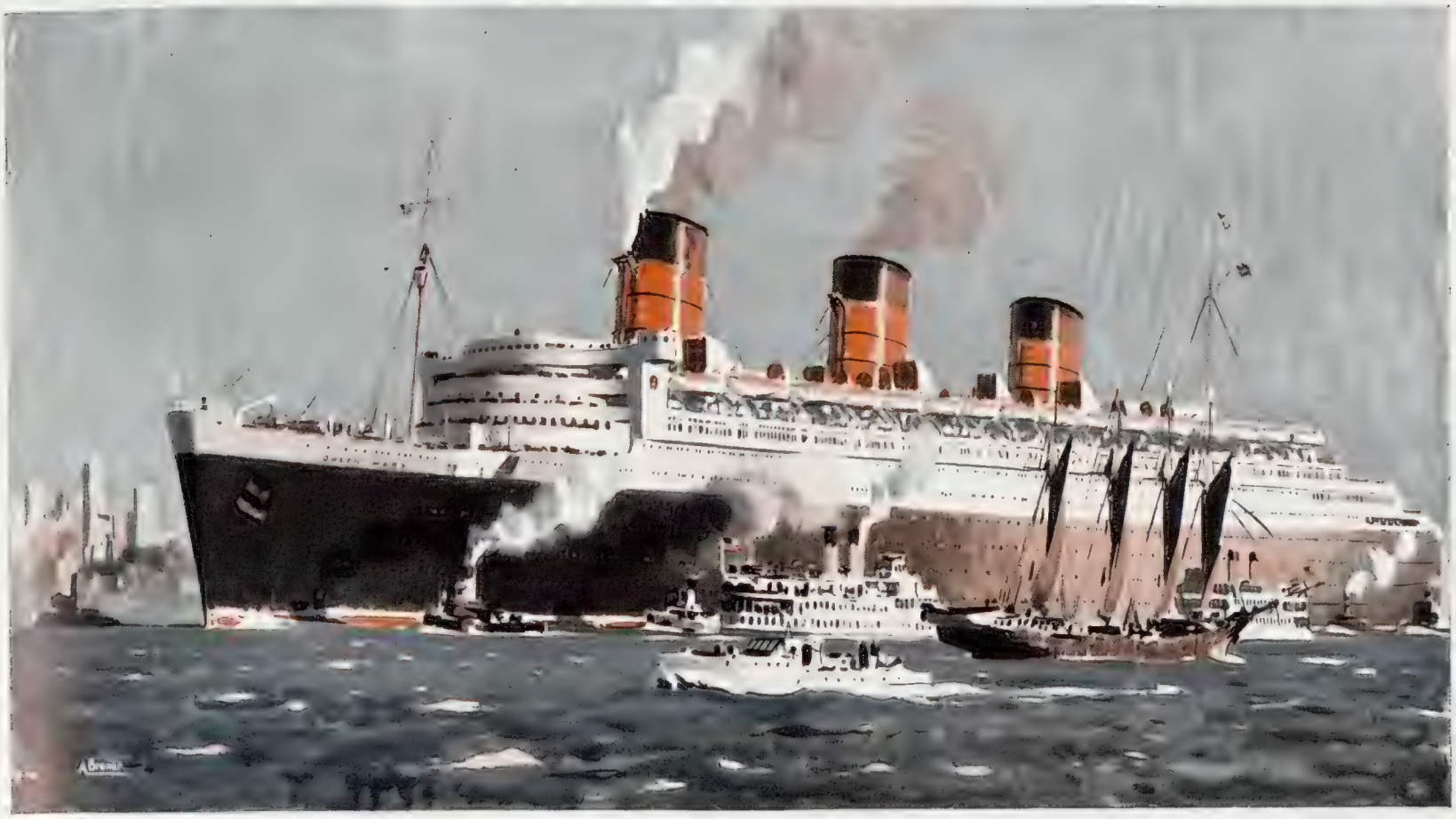
The Majesty of Might

The "Queen Mary"; Her Vast Bulk and Graceful Lines

Few ships have ever captured the public imagination to quite the same extent as the *Queen Mary*, a liner that not only epitomises the present advanced stage of development of steam navigation, but represents the craftsmanship of a nation, a host of different industries having combined their talents to make her what she is—a thing of power and of infinite grace. In July, 1840, the departure of the 1,150-ton paddle-steamer *Britannia* marked the inauguration of the Cunard's first regular mail service across the Atlantic, and in the decades that followed appeared a succession of vessels that each carried on the great tradition. Now comes the turn of the 80,000-ton giant, and it is confidently expected that before the summer is out she will have regained for Britain the blue riband of the Western Ocean, which was held for so long by her predecessor, *Mauretania*, and the winning of which means so much in popularity and prestige

THE "QUEEN MARY'S" MAIDEN VOYAGE

The Giant Liner Gets Ready to Enter Service on the Western Ocean—A Special Colour Section of "The Sphere"



STEAMING UP NEW YORK HARBOUR: An impression of the *Queen Mary* reproduced from a colour drawing specially done for "The Sphere" by A. Brenet. Elaborate arrangements have been made for the great liner's reception on the other side of the Atlantic, and a new berth has been constructed for her

"Speed You Well"

By

C. FOX SMITH

We have watched her long a-building,
Silent we saw her lie
Waiting her hour in the shipyard
While the troubled years went by;

We have heard the deep-voiced thunder
Of the crowded shores' acclaim,
When she went at last to the water
With a Royal Lady's name.

Now, not with noisy boasting
Nor foolish vaunt of pride
First on her lawful occasions
We see her take her tide,

Thrill to the deep sea's greeting,
Lift to the deep sea swell—
"Let's go"—come calm, come tempest,
Queen Mary, speed you well!

PRIDE OF THE CLYDE: A striking picture of the *Queen Mary*, with lights blazing from every porthole, as the work of equipping her was nearing completion in Messrs. John Brown's fitting-out basin at Clydebank

A COPY OF THIS PICTURE CAN BE OBTAINED (POST FREE) ON APPLICATION TO DEPT. S.P., THE DUNLOP RUBBER CO., LTD., ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.

FROM A PAINTING BY ERNEST WALLCOUSINS

C.F.H.

GOING ALL OUT

The "Queen Mary" Travelling At Speed During Her Trials Off the Arran Coast

When the *Queen Mary* ran her trials last month on the measured mile off the Island of Arran she gave an account of herself that delighted her owners and builders and clearly demonstrated that the coveted blue riband of the North Atlantic was well within her grasp. The great vessel, manœuvring as gracefully as a motor launch, but creating a wash that broke at a height of 12 ft. over the foreshore, attained a speed unofficially estimated at 32·8 knots, or the equivalent of 37 m.p.h. on land. This compares very favourably with the 29·98 knots record achieved by the *Normandie* when in service, and although the French ship is probably able to extend herself to 32 knots, there is at the same time little doubt that the *Queen Mary* is also capable of doing even better when at concert pitch. Everyone concerned with the vessel, at any rate, is supremely confident that she will prove herself the fastest merchant ship afloat

THE "QUEEN MARY" IN DRY-DOCK

On left—THE FIRST CLASS RESTAURANT: One of the stately public rooms of the *Queen Mary* in the decoration of which many noted artists have combined their talents. The spaciousness of this saloon may be gauged from the fact that in it could be placed the hull of the first Cunard Atlantic steamer *Britannia* together with the three vessels that comprised Columbus's fleet on his epoch-making voyage of discovery across the Atlantic

Towering Above the Shipping of Southampton

From a Painting in Oils by
MONTAGU DAWSON

On right—THE MAIN LOUNGE AND BALLROOM: This public room will be lit when dancing is in progress by coloured electric lamps which, through the operation of a "magic valve" under microphone control, may be dimmed or brightened according to the pitch of the orchestra's playing. Soft music will mean soft lighting; hot rhythm, and the lights will spring into an appropriately jazz-like effect. The saloon occupies no less than three decks, and like the dining-room, has a special air-conditioning plant

DÉCOR OF THE "QUEEN MARY"

Contributions by Noted Contemporary Sculptors and Artists

THE DOUBLE BRONZE DOORS OF THE MAIN RESTAURANT, designed by Walter and Donald Gilbert to fit into the space at the foot of Philip Connard's vast "Merrie England" panel which is depicted below on right. Mr. Walter Gilbert has a great deal of fine work to his credit, including the execution of the main gates of Buckingham Palace in conjunction with the late Louis Weingartner, the sculpture in the reredos in Liverpool Cathedral, and the doors to the Grand Temple Masonic Peace Memorial. In addition he is art adviser to several important firms

"THE KING": One of the three dimensional versions of the court cards carved by James Woodford as light sconces for the smoking-room. Each of the figures stands out boldly against decorated panels. Mr. Woodford has also contributed a design representing the wind

A MURAL CARVING BY JOHN SKEAPING: A work of art adorning the starboard gallery of the liner's spacious promenade deck

"MERRIE ENGLAND," BY PHILIP CONNARD, R.A.: This huge panel, the largest in the *Queen Mary*, is 26 ft. by 14 ft. and is the principal feature of the main restaurant. It depicts coaching, fishing, and other pursuits and has a ground colour of buff and grey-blue, the two Chinese phœnixes over the door space, which are the key to the design, having the chief colour emphasis. One of Mr. Connard's outstanding achievements is his mural painting at Windsor Castle

+ +

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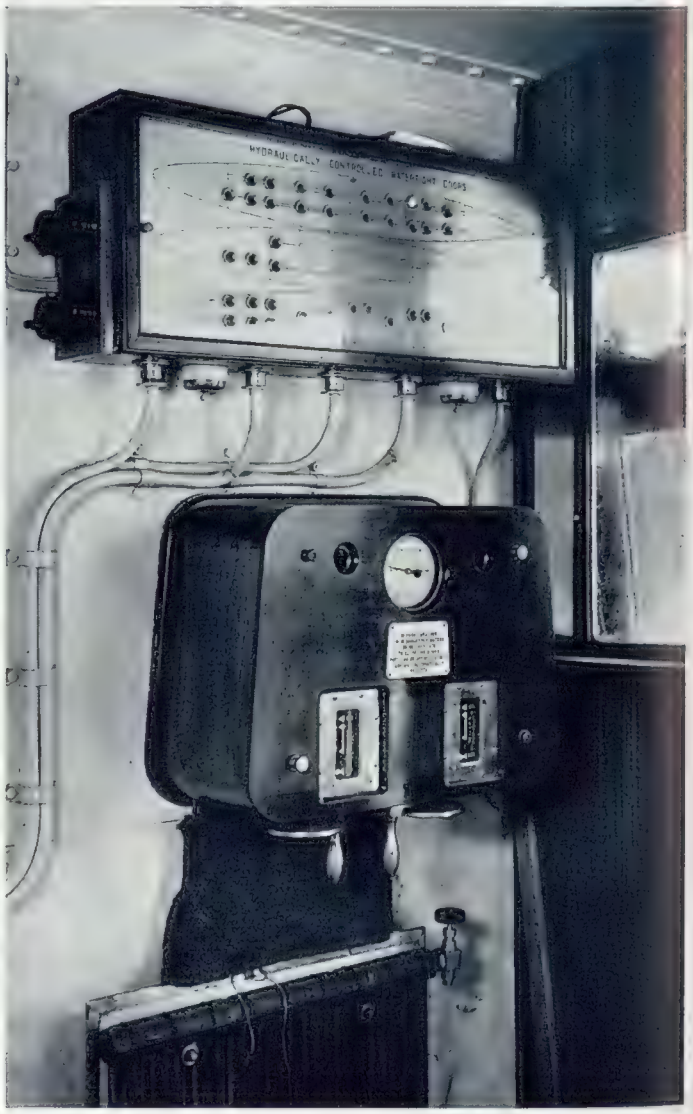
Wonders of the Great Liner

LOOKING UP ONE OF THE FUNNELS: A view showing the *Queen Mary's* sirens, which are so toned as to be heard over a long distance without causing undue noise on board or disturbance to passengers. The forward funnel is over 70 ft. in height and has a circumference of nearly 100 ft., and its immensity may be gathered from the fact that it could enclose three railway engines



SAFETY-FIRST MEASURES: The release instrument in the *Queen Mary's* wheel-house, which in an emergency will close simultaneously sixty-four separate bulkhead doors, thus shutting the ship off into a series of watertight compartments. *On left*—THE WAY TO THE CROW'S-NEST: Interior of the steel foremast with a ladder of over a hundred rungs leading to the look-out post 130 ft. above the water. A feature of the liner not usually visible

ON THE BRIDGE OF THE "QUEEN MARY"

A Pen-Picture from the Viewpoint of the Officer on Watch

SHE is far out on the western ocean, a long way outside soundings; yes, 2,000 fathoms of water and more under her keel, according to her present position on the chart. That's well over two miles deep, so there's not much risk of running aground here.

It is just about six bells in the forenoon watch—eleven o'clock as they say ashore—and the weather clear and bright, with the sun just warm enough this morning to call passengers to the upper decks. Everywhere the bustling morning life of the ship is in full swing—that alert joyous life of a liner at sea in bright crisp weather. From the bridge many are to be seen walking briskly from end to end of the sun deck, bracing themselves against the breeze, for it's blowing hard there; and the sports decks, too, are alive with players and spectators.

Away astern to leeward the sea is shadowed by the smoke from her towering funnels—not a heavy smoke pall though, for these are the days of oil fuel.

On watch is one of the senior mates and a junior mate with him. Now and then the officer on watch paces briskly a few times from end to end of the long bridge, glancing now at the compass card as he passes it to see that the man at the wheel is steering close to the course set, and now he is reading the dial of the log that tells the speed of the ship through the water.

Suddenly he stops in his walk to scan the horizon ahead, and a moment later he is calling through the voice pipes to the look-out in the crow's-nest.

Satisfied with the look-out's report he continues his walk to the end of the bridge.

Looking right aft from the wings of the bridge over the long line of boats swung in on their davits, he can just see the stern of his ship nearly a sixth of a mile away. Far out on the quarters the ship's wash is spreading—leaping and breaking in spray—and so fast is she running that her wake seems to stretch in whitest foam right to the horizon.

"Good steering that," he mutters, looking at the straight white streak, "straight as a ruler."

Turning to come back, he is called to the bridge telephone to answer a question from the commander about the ship's speed and course.

This bridge is 100 ft. above the sea—higher than many a ship's crow's-nest—from this height the water has something of a transparent look, and the long Atlantic rollers nearer the ship seem to be almost flattened out.

Looking right forward from the bridge along the expanse of foredeck 35 ft. below, the bows can be seen 200 ft. ahead, rising and falling a little as she takes the seas in her stride.

Away out to sea on either bow, as far as the eye can scan is a scene of leaping waters; spray whipped from the rollers by the wind, and the majesty of great waves marching under their crests.

The four engine telegraphs on the bridge are all pointing at full speed ahead; the order to the engine-rooms 130 ft. below the bridge level to keep the main steam turbines driving her four propellers at full speed.

Yes, "full speed," but, even so, they could still squeeze a little more at a pinch: she is running well on time, and they are not pressing her for the very last half knot to-day.

From the bridge, 100 ft. above the water, the horizon on a very clear day can be seen $11\frac{1}{2}$ miles away, but, high as the bridge is, that crow's-nest up there on the foremast is 40 ft. higher, giving a visibility from that point of two miles farther.

All through the seven watches that make up day and night a look-out is posted up there. For this ship is travelling fast—30 knots and more—and on a sea lane too, where there is likely to be other shipping about; and the officer on watch has to be warned of the bearings of any other vessel as soon as she shows on the horizon.

Nor is the weather often as clear as it is to-day; at times, rain, sea-mist, and fog come down with surprising suddenness, and visibility becomes shorter and shorter—everything ahead is now hard to see in the mist, ice especially. And, although every care is taken in these days to warn all shipping of the position of ice and derelicts, nevertheless, that does not make the task of the bridge officers and the look-out much easier. And all the time the commander has to think of his ship running to schedule, and is reluctant to ease speed before it is necessary. But all that gives place to thoughts for the safety of the 5,000 souls aboard—passengers and crew.

T. W. MacAlpine

THE "QUEEN MARY'S" MAIN LOUNGE

Comfort without ostentation is the keynote of the great liner's interior decoration, a successful attempt having been made to create a homely atmosphere but withal possessing an air of luxury. There has been no slavish imitation of period styles and there is nothing of the unrestful modernity that to many people's thinking is totally out of place on the high seas. The panelling and murals are perhaps the most outstanding features. They are the work of noted contemporary artists

HOW THE "QUEEN MARY" IS PROPELLED: The

ONE OF THE FOUR MAIN BOILER ROOMS, the cleanliness of which clearly evidences the outstanding advantage of oil as opposed to coal firing. The boilers are grouped in rows, two in each row; the firing spaces run fore and aft, and the steam is supplied at 440 lbs. pressure and a temperature of about 700 deg. F. to four sets of Parsons' quadruple expansion geared turbines connected to the four giant propellers by lines of shafting. *Below on right*—The same room shown in diagrammatic form

A thousand and one facts regarding Britain's wonder ship have appeared in the Press, but the mysteries of her engine rooms that supply the motive force that may bring her the Atlantic record are only now being revealed, and in the accompanying article and diagrams Edwin H. Judd, engineering correspondent of "The Sphere," gives a most interesting insight into the workings of the Queen Mary, reducing the technical jargon of the shipbuilder to terms readily understood by the layman.

THE boilers of the *Queen Mary* are arranged in groups, with their respective connections to the four turbines.

To start with, the fuel oil from large supply tanks is pumped through heaters, raising its temperature to about 100 deg. F. into the boiler through numerous oil burners. As some indication of how every heat unit available is made use of to obtain the highest efficiency, it will be noted that the bulk of the intense heat generated in the furnace goes to turn the water into steam. Then further heat is extracted as the gases pass the steam superheater which raises the temperature of the steam. After that the greatly cooled gases pass through an air heater, by which air at normal temperature is drawn in by large fans and blown at a much higher temperature into the combustion chamber of the boiler. By this time the gases have cooled down to something like 300 deg. and pass away up the funnel.

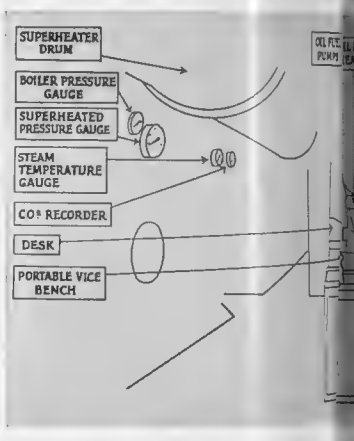
On the other hand the path of the steam and water flow is subject to the same care for efficiency. Steam is generated in the boiler at 400 lb. to perhaps 440 lb. pressure per square inch, the corresponding temperature of which is 455 deg. F., i.e. the boiling point for a pressure of 440 lb.

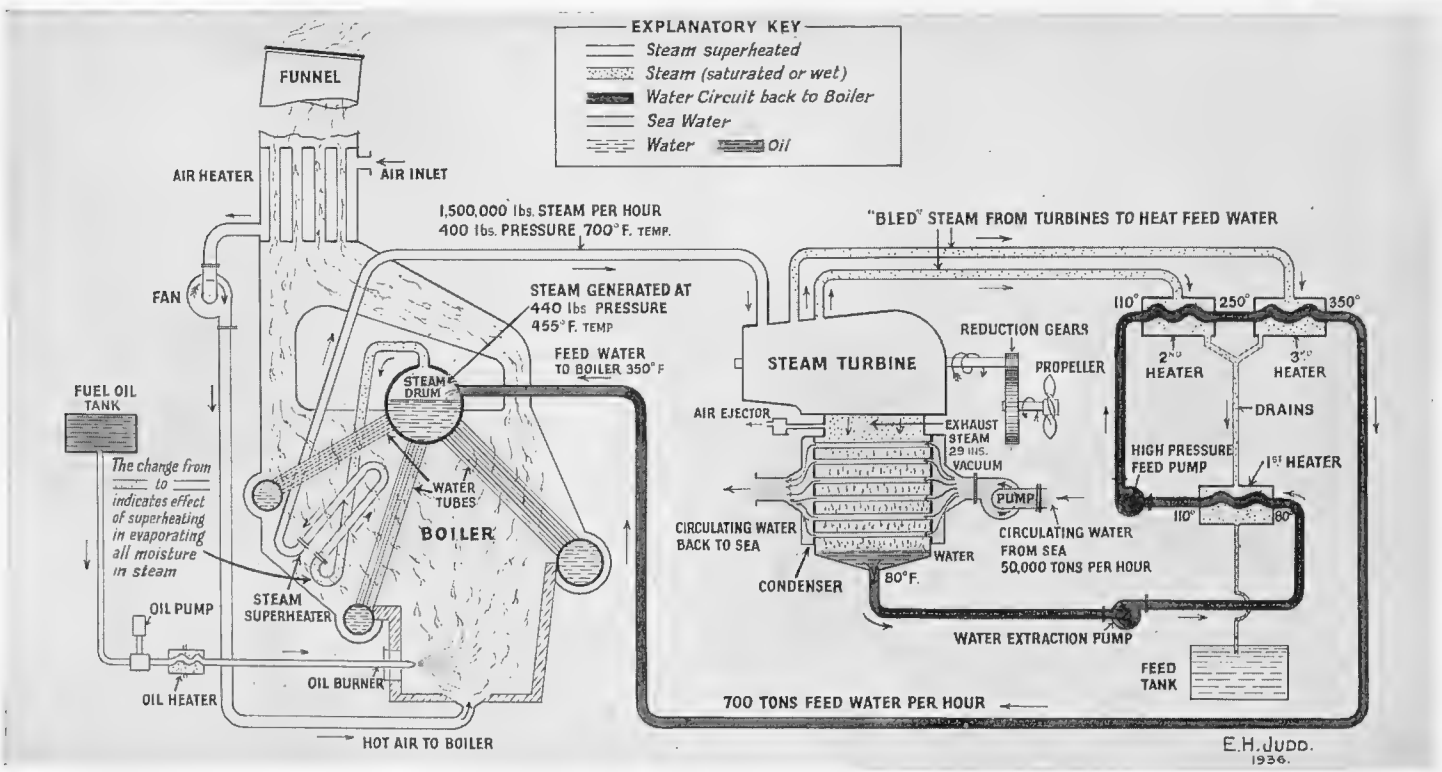
On passing through the superheater tubes its temperature is raised to about 700 deg. F., but the pressure is not increased. In fact there is a certain drop in pressure allowed for between boilers and turbines due to technical causes. This superheat eliminates all moisture in the steam, which is detrimental to efficiency, and reduces the amount required per horse-power.

After doing its main work in the turbines, driving the propellers—through reduction gearing—the steam has dropped in pressure from its original 400 lbs. to a vacuum in the condenser of about 29 ins. of mercury, or say ½ lb. per square inch. Here it is condensed by coming in contact with a mass of small tubes through which sea water is pumped at the rate of somewhere round about 80 lb. of water to every lb. of steam condensed, depending on the sea water temperature.

Air present in the steam is extracted, and the pure condensate, or distilled water, falling to the bottom of the condenser is then drawn off by pumps and delivered back to the boiler. During this process both pressure and temperature have to be raised again to as nearly as possible those obtaining in the boiler. For the purpose of heating the feed-water some installations use part of the waste gases from the boiler, while others use steam "bled" from one or more stages in the turbine and from the exhaust steam from auxiliary engines and pumps. The water, pumped through coils surrounded by the said steam in heaters, is raised again in three stages or so, as indicated by the diagram. It is finally delivered back into the boiler absolutely pure, and at the working pressure of the boiler, while its temperature is not much below that in the boiler.

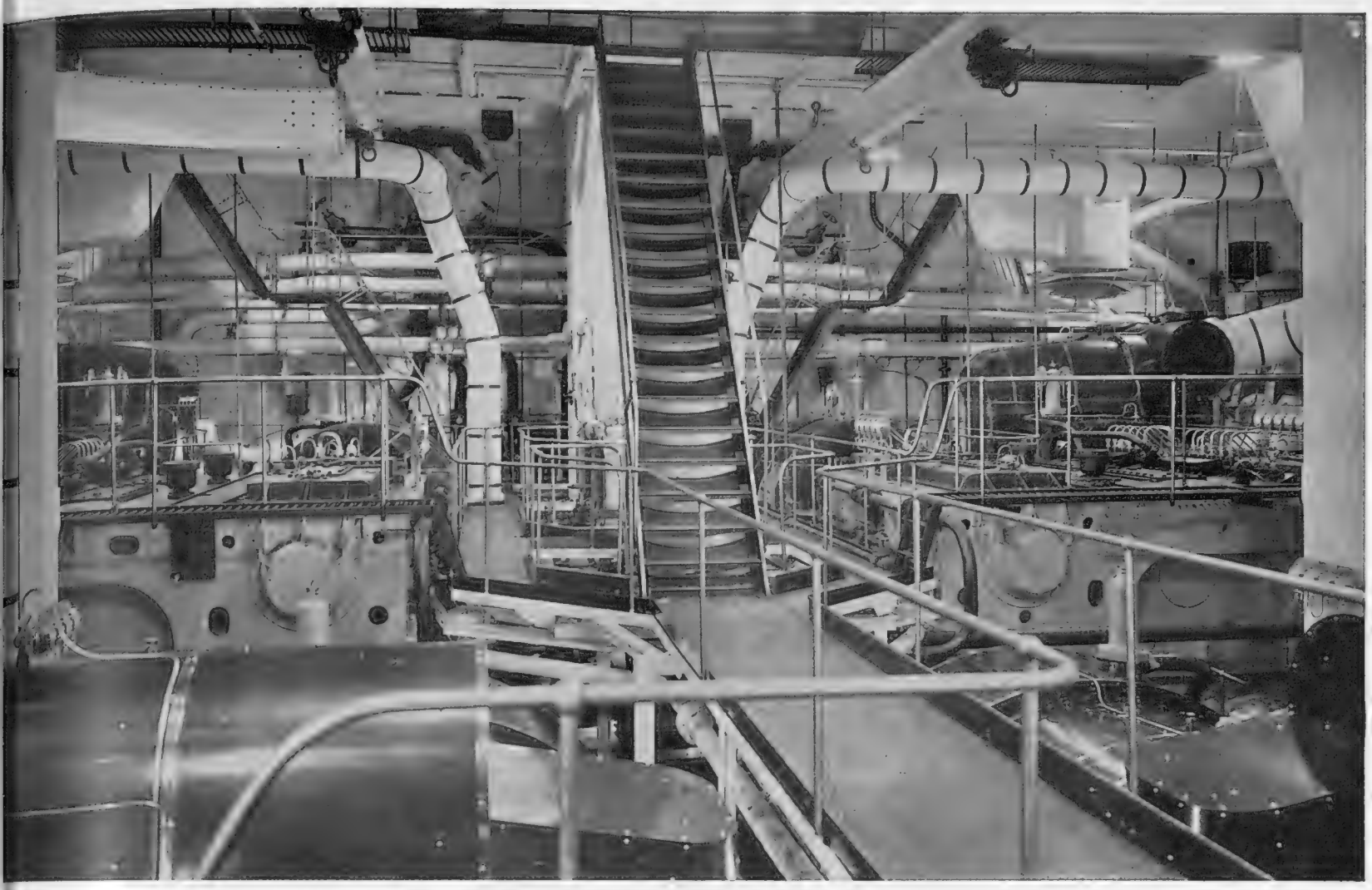
It has therefore effected a complete "closed circuit," and is used over and over again so long as the installation is running. Any slight loss of water on its passage round is made up with pure distilled



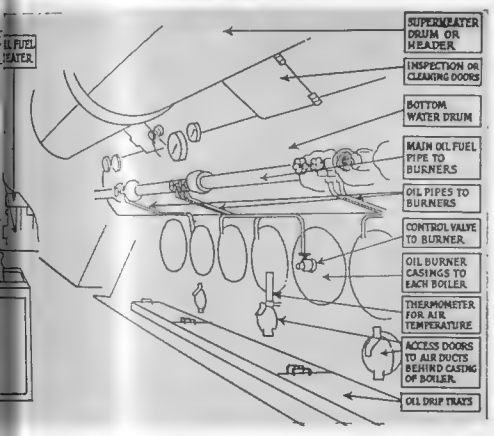


THE GENERATING PLANT: A diagram showing in the simplest form the steam, water, and oil circuits in use in the *Queen Mary* which are so arranged that duplication and inter-changeability are possible, thereby avoiding all likelihood of serious stoppage or breakdown. The superheated steam is seen passing from the boiler on the left through various connections to one of the turbines

Generation of the Steam and the Manner in which it is Employed



THE AFT ENGINE ROOM containing two complete sets of turbine machinery which drive the two inboard propellers—port and starboard—while similar sets in the forward engine room drive the two outboard propellers. For attempts on the Atlantic record and for full service speed conditions all four sets will be used, but for cruising purposes it is estimated that two give enough power for twenty-four to twenty-five knots



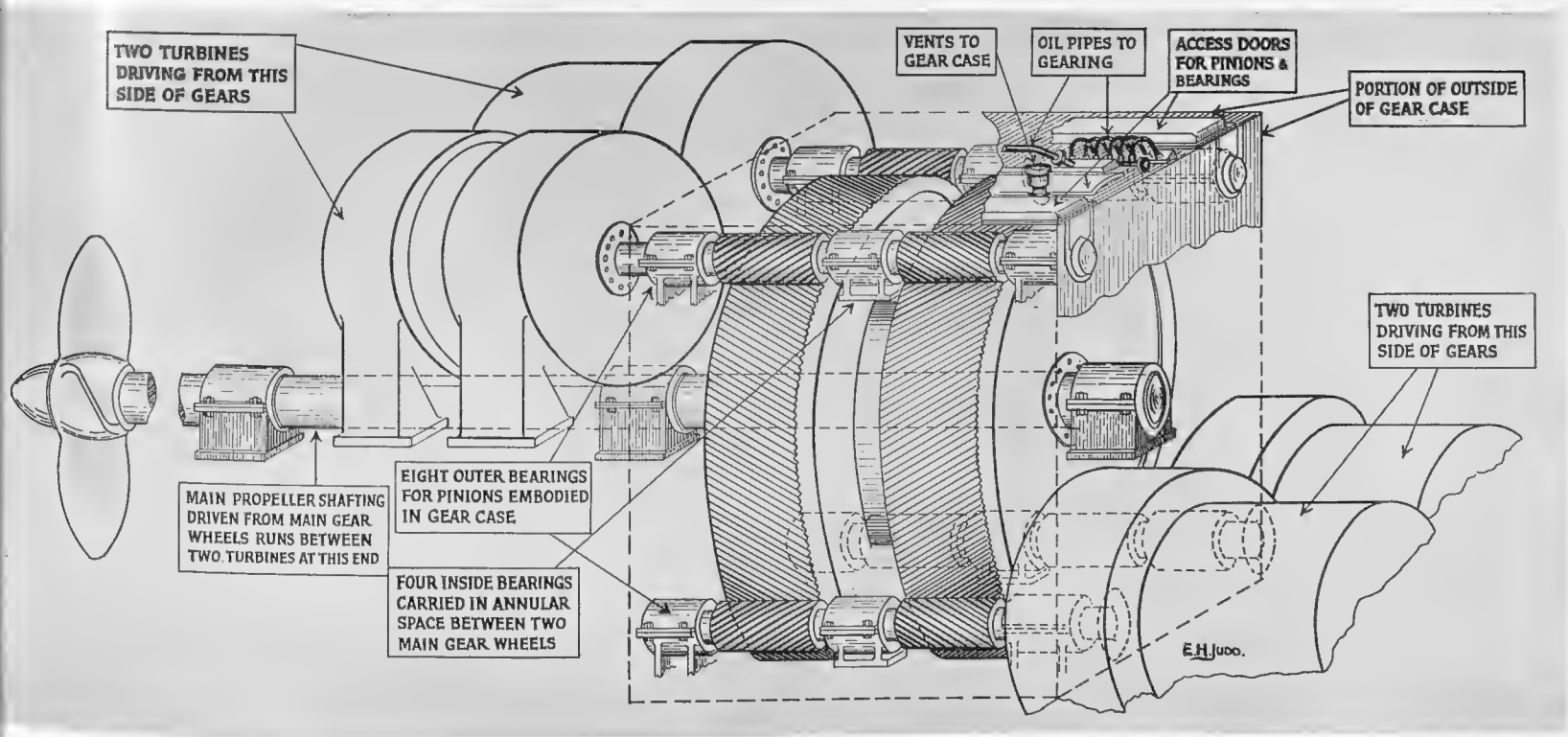
water produced by evaporators. During the ship's trials every stage of this progress was carefully recorded in the way of "logging" shaft horse-powers, pressures, temperatures, speeds, volumes of steam, water, air, and oil, so that efficiencies can be calculated, not only at full power speeds, but at lower speeds and powers. Most valuable data are thereby secured, for not only confirming and justifying the anticipated results, but for future reference and guidance.

Reliability of propelling machinery is of primary importance in all passenger and mail steamers, becoming still more so as the size and speed increase.

The owners of the *Queen Mary* when giving consideration to the type of machinery to be recommended for adoption kept this factor to the fore, reliability being given precedence over all questions of economy, as any economies which might be gained with an element of risk would be easily discounted by the dislocation of such an important service.

Another factor, of almost equal importance, borne in mind was quietness in running. As the vessel has to include all the amenities of a first-class hotel as well as being propelled across the Atlantic at a high speed the greatest care has had to be taken in the design and manufacture of the propelling machinery in order to eliminate noise and vibration.

Edwin H. Judd



TURBINE REDUCTION GEAR in the aft engine room. One of the four units which transmit the revolutions of the turbines to the propeller shaft, reducing the speed but increasing the power by means of single reduction double helical gearing with teeth of the involute design. The very greatest care has been taken in order to arrive at accuracy in the hobbing of the gear wheel and pinion teeth, thus in large measure eliminating noise and vibration when working

"THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE": Henry Fonda and Sylvia Sydney in the first full-length outdoor colour picture directed for Paramount by Henry Hathaway, who was also responsible for *Bengal Lancer*, and based on John Fox's exciting novel of a mountain feud. The scenery is reproduced with every sign of fidelity to Nature, and the whole production clearly indicates the very great headway the film industry has made in the colour medium

CURRENT DRAMA:

AREN'T MEN BEASTS! is the not very pleasant title of a pleasantly amusing play which should fill the Strand Theatre for a long time.

Among the local "beasts" in this odd menagerie is Mr. Robertson Hare. Now the hare is a timid beast; and this one, more knowing than the four-footed variety, is brilliantly aware of how to turn his timidity to useful account, in the theatrical sense. I have never known Mr. Hare to play a part in which he is not a decent, hesitating, slightly pompous little man, compelled to undergo a series of undignified and even terrifying experiences. Nor would I and his other multitudinous admirers have it otherwise. Mr. Vernon Sylvaine, the author of this latest medium for exploiting Mr. Hare's personality, has done his job well, and Mr. Leslie Henson, as producer, has obviously entered into collaboration *con molto amore*.

I detected Hensonian twists and touches throughout, and, as one of the Old Hensonians who have for years welcomed the hall-mark of this amazing buffoon, experienced an evening of rough-and-tumble nonsensical enjoyment. Not quite unalloyed, perhaps. There were certain extraneous episodes, situations forming part of what Old Bensonians, as opposed to Old Hensonians, would call the "sub-plot" which were singularly tedious. A gor'-blimey butler, for instance, who pinched small change—and other things—seemed to be rather out of it, though the part was well enough acted.

But in the main the entertainment was remarkably good of its kind. Fun in a dentist's parlour is not always funny, particularly when it is used as the stock material of Russian farce. It is not exactly the most hilarious portion of Mr. Bernard Shaw's *You Never Can Tell*.

Yet with Mr. Hare as the dentist, even that instrument of torture, the dentist's drill, working (I trust only apparently) on the teeth of the screaming Miss Sylvia Coleridge, sent the audience into screams of another type. For Mr. Hare was so precisely verbose in his white jacket and so precise, too, in his decorum when a lady-patient of a more expensive type displayed sex-appeal of the garter and silk-stocking order and then accused poor innocent Mr. Hare of most indecorous behaviour. "Tampering" is, I believe, the favoured word of the police-court reporter, and, alas, it became a matter for the police; for Mr. Hare was arrested—on his son's wedding-day! — escaped from the police-station, and spent the rest of the day, and the rest of the play, in a series of disguises. Like the lover in *L'Heure Espagnole* — when are we to see that delicious one-act opera again?—he hid in a clock. Like thousands of other non-operatic lovers he hid in a bathroom. And he appeared in a female "tailor made," displaying a pair of legs which Mistinguett would have insured.

"Well—well—well!" was the catch-phrase of the piece, and a reference to this androgynous appearance and *The Well of Loneliness*, being one of the few shafts of really pointed wit, was allowed to pass almost without a titter. But great gusts of laughter accompanied almost every moment, and this can be counted a happy evening.

Mr. Alfred Drayton, who is the antithesis of Mr. Hare except that he is equally amusing, imparted an air of slightly sinister common-sense to all this acceptable imbecility. Mr. Drayton is an apostle of realism, and his first remark—"What about a quick one?"—was far removed from the fantastic. Mr. John Mills, last seen in the khaki of Mr. Robert Donat's undeservedly short-lived trench-warfare venture at the Queen's, wore the morning-coat of a fairly blameless young man on his wedding-day. Miss Ann Boyd was particularly good as one of a series of indeterminate maidens; and Miss Beryl Harrison made some pungent remarks in the true farcical style as a more than usually attractive housekeeper.

Covent Garden—"La Tosca."—The production at Covent Garden of an opera by Puccini in the midst of a season in which Wagner and Verdi are rubbing none too friendly shoulders is to be welcomed if for no other purpose than that it affords a sort of no-man's land in which the combating troops of Wagnerites and Verdi-ites can agree about something.

For I have yet to meet the music-lover, however fierce his opinions, who does not grant to Puccini both a gift of melody and consummate musicianship.

Sympathies and antipathies in most walks of life are inevitable. But why in music they should go beyond all reason and why it should, apparently, be impossible to be fond of Italian opera without pouring every sort of abuse on German opera (and Wagner in particular) or vice versa I have never been able to understand.

FROM A VIENNA STUDIO: Sybille Schmitz is the heroine of *The Emperor's Candlesticks* the screen version of Baroness Orczy's popular novel of the same name, which is proving an attraction at the Curzon, Mayfair. Judicious cutting has given the film speed and polish

BALLET AT THE ALHAMBRA: Vera Zweiberg, one of the leading lights of the Monte Carlo company which recently arrived in London and is being presented under the management of Sir Oswald Stoll and the direction of Michel Fokine

BUDDING ROMANCE: The penurious mother (Mary Clare) evinces a stealthy interest in the love affair of her son (Griffiths Jones) and her paying guest (Frances Dent). An episode from *After October*, the play by Rodney Ackland which was presented with considerable success at the Arts Theatre in March, and came to the Criterion in the middle of last month. The author is only twenty-eight, but he already has three successes to his credit

Robertson Hare at His Best in "Aren't Men Beasts!"—Puccini Provides a Welcome Break to More Serious Opera at Covent Garden

Reviewed by
PHILIP PAGE

La Tosca is not Puccini's masterpiece, and it was rather unfortunate that its less pleasing qualities should have been brought out at last week's performance. My fondness for this opera does not blind me to certain coarse, if necessary, streaks of melodrama in the music. When the orchestra is allowed, as it was on this occasion by Signor Bellezza, to run riot and emphasise them, the effect is vulgar and garish.

There is, too, a certain vulgarity in the style of Signor Volpi, who appeared as the hero, though as a tenor he is "all very fine and large." He is fond, that is to say, of prolonging a note simply in order to show off his lung power, which is considerable, without taking into account the fact that he may thus twist a musical phrase out of its true shape.

Herr Sved who played the villainous Scarpia, was, on the other hand, not vulgar enough. Both his voice and his manner were far too mild, and he showed evidence of neither the inclination nor the ability to treat Tosca herself in the manner in which poor Mr. Hare was supposed to have treated his patient a few paragraphs away. A Latin voice is, I think, wanted for Scarpia, and undoubtedly a Latin temperament.

None the less this production of *La Tosca* had several good points, chief among them the singing in the title role of Signora Cigna. I have seen the part more attractively acted—I remember Lina Cavalieri, the loveliest of all the Toscas—but I have never heard it better sung. The chorus-work was first-rate and so were M. Dua and Signor Baracchi in subordinate parts.

"The Ring."—

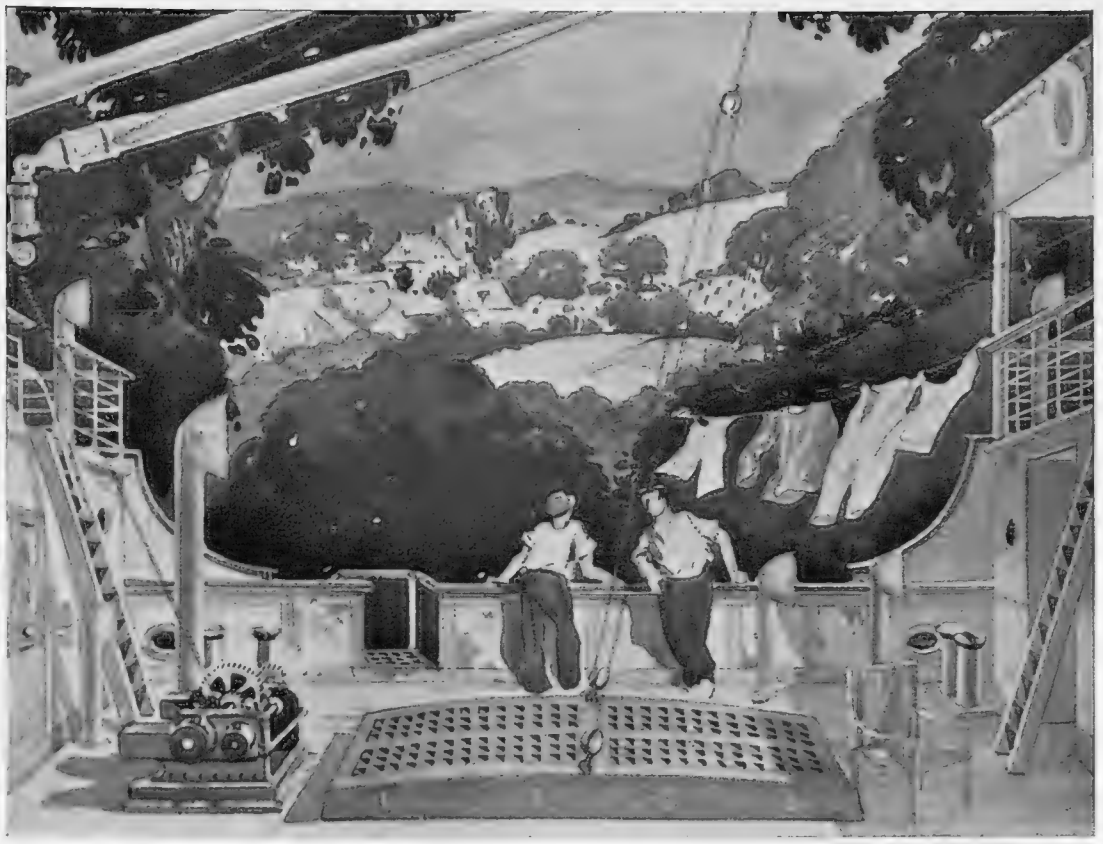
The first cycle of *The Ring* culminated in a performance of *Götterdämmerung* which was on a high level from the appearance of somerather crumpled Norns (though they sang well) at 5 p.m. to the dispersal of a decidedly crumpled audience close on midnight. For Wagner, though sublime, can be exhausting.

All the more marvellous that in *Siegfried* Herr Lauritz Melchior, as the blond hero, should have been able to stay the course for nearly as long a period. Herr Melchior, who this year seems slightly slimmer, was forging a sword and singing hard about it when most people are thinking of having a quiet cup of afternoon tea, and was making love to Brünnhilde, and singing still harder about it when most of those same people are in bed and asleep. Here indeed is the super-man.

To Sir Thomas Beecham must go the credit of a similar feat of endurance; in his case it was not only staying power but driving power, for he whipped up the orchestra into glorious life throughout, yet never lost the art of sympathetic accompaniment. The playing was as perfect in the last act as it had been in the afternoon, and the awakening of Brünnhilde was in every sense an exquisite moment.

Act II of *Siegfried* is sheer pantomime sublimated by such episodes as the Forest Murmurs. Of course, the new dragon—quite a good effort of its kind—roused laughs: any dragon would at Covent Garden, even a real one, for which I would be delighted to supply victims, picked from stalls and boxes. Humour in *The Ring* is not so strong a point that we need worry much about that.

Wagner gives us rather too much of the dwarfs Alberich and Mime, who growl and spit at each other in the dark for an unconscionable time. But Herr Habich and Herr Fleischer, by their clever performances, managed to alleviate a good deal of that boredom. *(Continued on page 356)*



BACKCLOTH FOR "BEES ON THE BOAT DECK": Laurence Irving's scenery design in the new J. B. Priestley play at the Lyric — a farcical tragedy of the Shavian variety concerning certain doings on board a laid-up steamer

NARROW SHAVE: Police Captain Richard Gordon (Jack Hawkins) and Sergeant Elk (Gordon Harker) register surprise as a bullet whistles over their heads in their office at Scotland Yard. An incident in the Edgar Wallace-Ian Hay thriller, *The Frog*, which is drawing large audiences to the hitherto none too lucky Prince's Theatre, so much so that a new "library deal" has been made that will ensure the run of the play through the summer

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW, child star of the United Artists' picture, *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, which is based on the famous novel of the same name, tries out a penny-farthing cycle on the sidewalk while "Dearest" looks on. Freddie has been much in the news of late by reason of the legal battle over his guardianship that has been raging in the U.S. Courts

SHOWS TO SEE

ALDWYCH: *The Dominant Sex*
HAYMARKET: James Bridie's *Storm in a Teacup*
HIS MAJESTY'S: Ivor Novello and Isabel Jeans in *The Happy Hypocrite*
MERCURY: *Murder in the Cathedral*
PHŒNIX: *To-night at 8.30*, by Noel Coward
WYNDHAM'S: *Three Men on a Horse*

IN THE ALDWYCH VEIN: Alfred Drayton co-star with Robertson Hare in *Aren't Men Beasts!*—a first-rate farce at the Strand Theatre of much the same type as that which Tom Walls and his team made so popular a few years ago

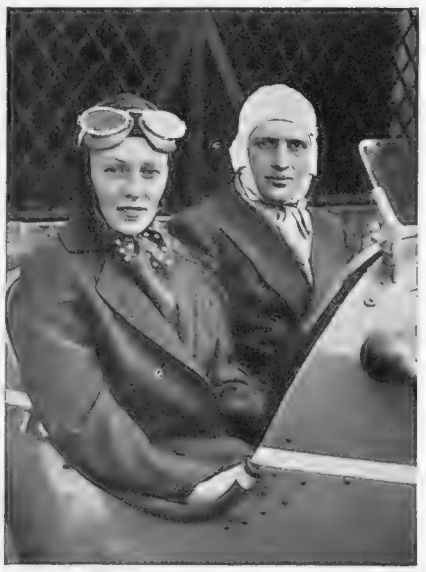
DAMAGED BY FLOODS: Work is shortly to begin on a new bridge over the River Towy at Carmarthen. The damage to the old bridge (left) can clearly be seen and a temporary structure had to be erected

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

Foreign Touring Simplified — A Rolls-Royce Given Away — Mileages and the Austin "Seven" — Warning to "L" Drivers

I DOUBT if 10 per cent. of British motorists have ever taken their cars across the Channel in order to tour round the various Continental countries. Many things probably frighten them. First of all, they picture to themselves the filling up of innumerable forms, the handing over of large sums of money for deposits and fees, then they see their car bashed and scratched in the process of loading and unloading, and finally they picture themselves staying the night in some extremely uncomfortable hotel and being grossly overcharged for their night's lodging. Those conditions may have been true some years ago, but to-day, thanks to the Southern Railway and the Wagons Lits Cook Company, travelling abroad by motor car can be, and is, a very pleasurable undertaking.



RACING MOTORISTS BOTH: The engagement has been announced between Mr. Alan Rogers Phipps, son of Senator and Mrs. L. Phipps of Denver, Colorado, and Miss Doreen Evans. Both are well known at Brooklands

To commence with the whole procedure of licences and deposits has been simplified almost out of recognition, and the rather fearsome journey for car and passengers across the Channel has been changed into something which one might justly call a real joy trip. The Southern Railway run a boat called the *Autocarrier* between Dover and Calais, and this vessel is claimed to be the only one which has been specially built for the conveyance of motorists, with their cars, between England and the Continent. The *Autocarrier* will accommodate 130 passengers and thirty-five motor cars. The latter are all conveyed under cover and it is nice to know that as long as the petrol is turned off there is none of that provoking proceeding of emptying the tank. The passengers have private cabins, ladies and gentlemen's saloons, dining saloons, and shower baths for their convenience. There is no necessity to have the car there twelve hours before the boat leaves; in fact, the car need reach the quayside only half-an-hour before the advertised time of departure.

The charge for the conveyance of the car varies according to the wheel-base, etc., and costs from £2 5s. 6d. upwards, whilst the single fare per passenger is 12s. 6d. Having reached the Continent Messrs. Wagons Lits Cook then render valuable assistance. This company has inaugurated a system of hotel coupons which are obtainable in books, and can be used as ordinary money in any of the large number of hotels which the company recommends. Each coupon has a uniform value slightly under 3s., and hotels are graded in a special list according to the number of coupons which are required to give the bearer dinner, bed, and breakfast. There are various other advantages of this scheme, but I have said sufficient to make it clear that motor touring on the Continent to-day has been robbed of all its annoying features. True, many people are of the opinion that they should explore their own country first, and personally, I think, this a very proper policy to pursue, but my own candid view of the matter is that the ideal holiday is one where there is a complete change from the conditions under which one usually lives. No surer method than touring abroad can, therefore, be devised for giving the perfect holiday.

When I suggest foreign touring, I do not quite mean the rather unusual trip which Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Wisdom, along with the Hon. Brian Lewis, recently took in a 12–48-h.p. Wolseley. They started off from this country, crossed to France, then sailed from Marseilles to Tunis, where they followed the road and track across the Libyan and Syrian deserts, and went to Baghdad via Cairo and Jerusalem. Needless to say, they did not find a hotel every evening when the sun set, but the fact that they accomplished this self-imposed journey in eleven days speaks volumes for the staying powers of this new 12–48-h.p. Wolseley.

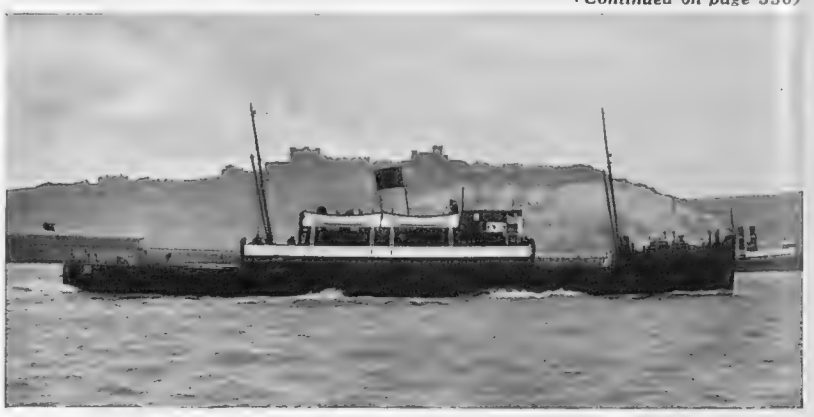
Until quite a short time ago a Daimler car was looked upon as one of those few British automobiles that gave really silent, silky locomotion. Frankly, they were not looked upon as likely to give their owner any great sensation of speed, but to-day the Daimler Company sells a very handsome motor car which retains all those valuable qualities and yet has a maximum speed of 90 m.p.h. This remarkable car is the company's new Light Straight-Eight chassis, fitted with a drop-head coupé body. Obviously, the Company is to be congratulated on combining speed with silence, as the number of cars which give their owners both these desirable qualities is very few. In its main essentials the chassis of this new Daimler coupé is the same as that of the standard Light Straight-Eight saloon.

"Can anyone provide a good home for a Rolls-Royce car if it is given away." Such was the strange question written in a letter recently by a lady who sent the communication to Rolls-Royce Limited. Apparently, the car had belonged to her husband who had died and as he had been greatly attached to the model she did not wish to sell it but to find a good home for it with someone who would treat it kindly and properly. I am informed that the Company's reply was that they would find a suitable home for it. Talking of Rolls-Royce I am reminded of the fact that the firm are shortly sending out to Arabia a pre-war model now 22 years old but still in good running order so that a film company may have a replica of the car which Lawrence of Arabia wrote about in glowing terms. The object of having the car in Arabia is to use it for shots which the film company are taking in that country in connection with a picture of Lawrence's life which they are making.

I have always had a very high opinion of the Austin "Seven," having owned quite a number at one time or another. In fact, I well remember going to the managing director of a car factory to complain about the back axle of the car which I was running, because it hummed rather more than I cared for. I added, as I thought, a sting to my complaint by stating that the Austin "Seven" which I had previous to buying one of his cars was dead silent in this part of its anatomy. He completely took the wind out of my sails by replying "don't you know that the two best cars made to-day are the Rolls-Royce and the Austin "Seven"? That was some eight years ago but it seems to me that the Austin "Seven" still occupies a similar position to-day. Let me give one example which comes from South Africa. The owner of the car in question bought his mount, a 1926 tourer rather reluctantly, in place of a high-powered motor-cycle.

By 1932 the owner had covered 90,000 miles without any mechanical break-down, and up to a few weeks ago his mileage had reached the stupendous figure of 167,000, still without mechanical failure, and what is perhaps even more surprising, without having a cylinder rebored. He had, however, two sets of piston rings fitted. He evidently looks after his car well, for he recently won the first prize for the best kept car under 12-h.p. in a rally organised by the Royal Automobile Club of South Africa. I am further informed that another Austin "Seven" owner, this time in Australia,

(Continued on page 350)



THE ONLY ONE OF ITS KIND: The Southern Railway vessel, *Autocarrier*, which has been specially built to convey motorists and their cars from Dover to Calais. It will accommodate 130 passengers and thirty-five cars

UNLOADING: The Southern Railway *Autocarrier* discharging its cargo of cars at Calais. The extra large crane platform obviates any risk of damage even to the biggest of vehicles

This is a Flannel Summer

For Holidays—or Even for Informal Town Wear — You Can't Go Wrong if You Choose a Grey or a Light Navy Flannel Suit

IF you can wear grey, don't hesitate for a moment—go right ahead and get a flannel suit in which to spend almost every day until the hot weather comes. By changing the accessories you can make it look right for town, and for week-ends in the country or by the sea.

And if you are not happy in grey—get blue flannel, with pin stripes set rather widely apart. It is just as smart, especially in a rather light navy, but perhaps it does not look quite so cool.

You can see in the photograph above the type of shadow stripe that is so popular. The suit itself is a grey worsted flannel with a grey stripe, the coat waisted, with breast and side pockets, and the skirt with a pleat at each side of the front and back panel. It costs 8½ guineas at Harrods, and is worn with a hat with a flattened hammer-head crown. In grey with a navy petersham ribbon this costs 18s. 9d.

The girl on the right wears a light worsted flannel suit with a blue leather belt and straps at the neck. It has large flat patch pockets, and a pleat at each side of the narrow skirt panel. Into the neck she has tucked a gay Challis scarf, made in Austria from peasant material printed in vivid flowers. It comes from the Junior Miss Department at Harrods, where they have amazing all-wool flannel suits, very jauntily cut, with curved revers and officers' pockets, all for 3½ guineas. The hat, with its square dented crown held by a long stitch at each side, and its snap brim which will never flap about even in a gale, is made in grey or navy, and also costs 18s. 9d.

Harrods are specialising in felt hats to go with flannels, and you will find them in light and mid-greys, as well as in blues, in a number of new shapes that are both practical and distinguished. Incidentally, they all cost 18s. 9d. though each of them has a thoroughly expensive air.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

The War Minister's Second Volume of the Life of Haig

A CIVILIAN—and particularly a civilian who soldiered in the great war—is at a disadvantage when considering such a book as **HAIG: THE SECOND VOLUME**, by Duff Cooper (Faber. 25s.). In the controversy that has arisen since the publication of the previous volume, and in other books and public writings, notably Mr. Lloyd George's latest edition of his memoirs, the student must remain humble before the views of those who speak from the rarefied atmosphere of the higher command and Downing Street.

It may be observed, however, that Mr. Duff Cooper has not only a valuable document in Haig's personal diary to draw upon, but that he knits it closely to his work. The book is thus stamped with authority and authenticity, though it seriously disturbs its rhythm and pattern, since Haig shows little appreciation, in the written word, of the drama he was recording.

Soldiers have said that Haig was obsessed by the then obsolete strategy of a cavalry commander; that he woefully neglected the tactical possibilities of tanks, until they were practically forced upon him, and that he planned offensives with little or no knowledge of local conditions. Mr. Lloyd George has seriously called to account his conduct of the battle of Passchendaele; and has revealed a state of affairs in which the head of a Government and a commander-in-chief in the field were at loggerheads in the most critical period of the war.

Mr. Duff Cooper brilliantly challenges these and other controversial points, with Haig's own record and with his own forceful conclusions. Briefly they are that although in the spring of 1918 Mr. Lloyd George "no longer believed that the German Army could be beaten," it was Haig's generalship, magnificently acknowledged by Foch himself, that brought his armies through to ultimate victory.

Here the ordinary student may pause to consider how much may also be attributed to the presence of a new (American) army in the field, and the demoralisation (for other reasons) of the enemy at home. He may further consider the position of a Prime Minister who, having no confidence in a general, appeared not to be able to replace him.

It is an important book, though the man in the street may be excused for not enjoying the story. "Haig was as good a general as it is possible for a man without genius ever to become" may be a satisfactory epitaph for a biographer, but it is sad reading for anyone with even an elementary historical knowledge of the past glories of British arms.

W. B. YEATS: The portrait by Augustus John, R.A., in the Kelvingrove Art Gallery, Glasgow, which forms the frontispiece of the famous poet's volume of autobiographical sketches which has just been published by Macmillan and Company. One section gives the author's impressions and experiences on his visit to Stockholm to receive the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1923

Mr. Alexander Woollcott, the famous American radio critic, finds it a book which was "promptly clasped to the great American bosom."

I can claim only one of the above qualifications, and I have no knowledge of what goes on in the great American bosom, so I suppose it is small wonder that I found Mr. Benefield's Carrie a bore, and her sentimentality intolerable.

Reviewed by

VERNON FANE

In his new novel Mr. John Steinbeck returns to the vagabond type which he portrayed so lightheartedly in *Tortilla Flat*, but this time with a more serious purpose. For **IN DUBIOUS BATTLE** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is a strong novel in which unskilled labour conducts a tragic and violent fight in conditions which must horrify people whose normal social life remains undisturbed by such crude political conflicts.

It is incredible—to the English mind, at least—that Californian employers victimise and suppress by violence any attempt at collective action by their workers: that the police deliberately provoke bloody riots, and that strike-breaking should be ruthlessly carried on with no regard to human life. Jim Nolan is a type which, however much the reader disapproves in principle, must stir admiration and compassion. And beneath the story, with all its violences and the clash of crude forces, there is a spiritual significance — something which redeems it through the portrayal of man's inherent nobility in dire adversity.

Mr. Steinbeck is without doubt a major novelist, but his full powers remain to be revealed when he returns to the deeper problems raised in his *To a God Unknown*.

In **VALIANT IS THE WORD FOR CARRIE** by Barry Benefield (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) the publishers challenge "all morons, cynics, sour-milk vendors, and haters of the work of Barrie and Beverly Nichols" not to laugh and cry with the valiant Carrie. Moreover,

Fräulein Vicki Baum, undeterred by a spectacular and world-wide success, has been in the habit of producing a new novel each year, of which at least two have been better than her original *Grand Hotel*.

Her writing has progressed, and her vigorous, inventive mind has kept pace with her phenomenal *réclame*. Now, unfortunately, she has come to a temporary standstill. If her latest book is not a step in the wrong direction it at least shows unmistakably that she is marking time. Here is an author who knows her formula—the classic "boy meets girl—boy loses girl—boy gets girl," who has a reporter's quick sense of observation and a dramatist's sense of the values of minor incidents. It would be difficult for her to write a wholly bad book, probably impossible, but when she loses her zest she goes no further than the mediocre and that is a great disappointment.

CAREER (Geoffrey Bles. 7s. 6d.) is implacably squalid. It is the story of a girl with a good figure and a good voice who exploits one to the benefit of the other. Finally she becomes a famous opera singer, but dies before she is forty, and with success and love within her reach.

If the recital of her love affairs were not so tedious, and did not claim so great a space in the novel one would be inclined to accept it as a tract in favour of first love and right living. As it stands it is simply Fräulein Baum's least engaging and least characteristic book up-to-date.

Another Novel by the Author of "Tortilla Flat"

Miss Elizabeth Jenkins' new book gave me a curious experience. It is a story of Elizabethan London, and more particularly of the actors and playwrights of that day, and as I read it I found myself waiting, though I hardly realised it until later, for the appearance of Shakespeare. He never did appear, and although the omission is obviously deliberate and part of a planned effect it left me feeling a little flat.

Marlowe, Raleigh, Essex, and Elizabeth herself figure in the story. Perhaps the author thought that the introduction of Shakespeare would have crowded the canvas too much, or robbed her players of their essential limelight. However, that was the only disappointment about the book which is an excellent, and I am sure accurate, picture of the London of that day.

And what a good writer is Miss Elizabeth Jenkins! With what tense prose does she knit the scenes of this colourful period into drama, comedy, and action worthy of the great characters she introduces. Her story is rich, vital, and one of the best novels I have read for a long time.

The London of Harriette Wilson's day was a very different thing. "Ladies scorn dates! Dates make ladies nervous and stories dry," as she herself wrote, and her memoirs were always an agreeably scandalous muddle. The latest contribution to the history of this sprightly demi-mondaine is Mrs. Angela Thirkell's **THE FORTUNES OF HARRIETTE** (Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.), and very entertaining it is.

Harriette captivated the Duke of Melbourne, the Duke of Argyll, and the great Duke of Wellington, and what was more she wrote about them. When she was at a loss for facts she invented, as she freely admitted, and her memoirs finally grew to the length of 250,000 words! Some of it was dull stuff, or to put it delicately, repetitious. Her conquests were dazzling and, said Harriette, incessant, but they were also a bore to her readers, and Mrs. Thirkell's version of her life is far more readable and much more witty.

This "smart, saucy girl" as Sir Walter Scott called her, seems to have chosen, with her usual astuteness, even the right day and age at which to flourish. If she had lived a hundred years later she would only have been considered "great fun".

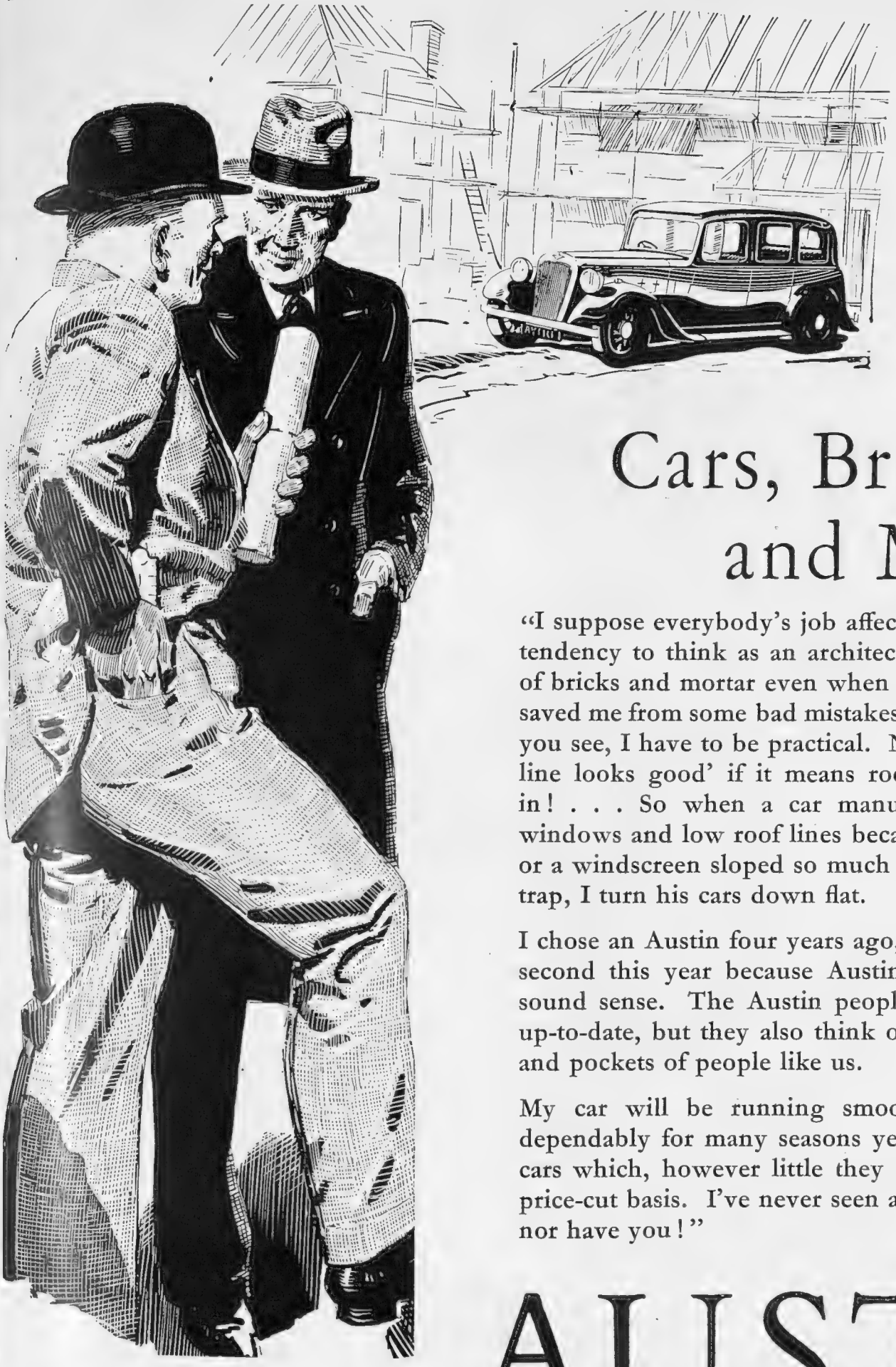
There are some good stories in **EQUATORIAL DAWN** (Eyre & Spottiswoode. 12s. 6d.) about charging rhino and white hunters and over-fed lionesses, but the best I thought was about Ernest Hemingway, whom the author met when she was on *safari* in Kenya. It may not have the same appeal for other readers but it did delight me that Mr. Hemingway's only recorded speech was to ask his visitors to have a drink. There is a naïve ". . . and did you once see Hemingway plain?" feeling about the way in which the incident is described that does one's heart good.

Apart from that the book, which is a collection of Miss Dorothy Una Ratcliffe's travel letters, has more solid merits, and some charming descriptive passages of the country through which the writer travelled. There is nothing new or startling about the recollections, but it is a friendly and readable book.

BOOKS RECEIVED

PHILIP ALLAN.—LET'S ASK AUNT. By Marjorie Godwyn. 3s. 6d. MR. CHEDWORTH HITS OUT. By F. Morton Howard. 3s. 6d. MURDER AT THE BOARDING HOUSE. By Mrs. Albert S. Bradshaw. 3s. 6d. THE CRYSTAL SKULL. By Jack McLaren. 3s. 6d. BELL.—HIGHLAND HOMESPUN. By Margaret Mary Leigh. 8s. 6d. NANSEN PASSPORT: Round the World on a Motor Cycle. By I. S. K. Soboleff. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. STORM IN A TEA-CUP. By Gus March-Phillipps. 7s. 6d. JONATHAN CAPE.—HOUSES AS FRIENDS. By Dorothy Pym. Preface by Sir Edwin Lutyens. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. A CLOAK OF MONKEY FUR. By Julien Duguid. 7s. 6d. CHATTO & WINDUS.—I'LL MOURN YOU LATER. By Catherine Whitcomb. 7s. 6d. JUDAS. By Paul Gurk. 7s. 6d. WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT? The Case for Constructive Peace. By Aldous Huxley. 3d. THEY SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH. By Morley Callaghan. 7s. 6d. GRAYSON.—THE TRUTH ABOUT COLUMBUS AND THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA. By Charles Duff. Introduction by Philip Guedalla. Illustrated. 18s. STOP THIEF! By Lawrence David. 3s. 6d. HUTCHINSON.—THE LEAGUE OF NORTH-WEST EUROPE. By J. W. Dunne. 6d. THE THINKING REED. By Rebecca West. 8s. 6d. RICH & COWAN.—PRELUDE TO KINGSHIP. By Jane Lane. 8s. 6d. GONE FOR A SAILOR: Being Fixes of Memory. By Captain Lionel Dawson. Illustrated 15s. THE COSY ROOM: and Other Stories. By Arthur Machen. 7s. 6d. THE YOUTH JESUS. By Wilhelm Scharrelmann. 5s. CELL 202 By Lewis E. Lawes. 10s. 6d. SELWYN & BLOUNT.—THE ADVENTURES OF A GADABOUT. By George W. Houghton. 10s. 6d. SECKER.—PRELUDE TO DEATH.—By Elinor Mordaunt. 7s. 6d. THE WORLD'S WORK, LTD.—MURDER AT THE OLD STONE HOUSE. By Charlotte Murray Russell. 7s. 6d. ALLEN & UNWIN.—LIVING DANGEROUSLY: Thirty-seven Stories of Adventure. Collected by Cecil Madden. 7s. 6d. BATSFORD.—BATSFORD'S PICTORIAL GUIDES: 1. Amsterdam; 2. Copenhagen; 3. Stockholm. 2s. 6d. each. BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION.—B.B.C. ANNUAL, 1936. 2s. 6d. CASSELL.—MY VAGABONDAGE. By Horace Annesley Vachell. 8s. 6d. CHAPMAN & HALL.—FOR READERS ONLY. By J. Penn. 10s. 6d. EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE.—PARIS, 1870–1935. By Jules Bertaut Translated into English by R. Millar. Edited and brought down to include the events of 1933-5 by John Bell. 12s. 6d. GERMAINE DE STAEL: The Woman of Affairs. By R. McNair Wilson. 5s. EMPEROR OF THE WEST: A Study of the Emperor Charles V. By D. B. Wyndham Lewis. 5s. FABER & FABER.—OLD-SOLDIER SAHIB. By Private Frank Richards. 7s 6d. SALAMINA. By Rockwell Kent. 15s. JARROLDS.—CHINA MAGNIFICENT: Five Thousand Years of Chinese Art. By Dagny Carter. Illustrated. 18s. JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD.—ALMAYER'S FOLLY. By Joseph Conrad. THE RETURN. By Walter de la Mare. THE ROCKLITZ. By George R. Preedy. A SHORT HISTORY OF THE WORLD. By H. G. Wells. THE PILGRIM OF A SMILE. By Norman Davey. THE WAYWARD MAN. By St. John Ervine. MR. FORTUNE, PLEASE. By H. C. Bailey. THE WALLET OF KAI LUNG. By Ernest Bramah. THE MURDER ON THE LINKS. By Agatha Christie. ANNA OF THE FIVE TOWNS. By Arnold Bennett. DODO. By E. F. Benson. (Penguin Books.) 6d. each. JOHN LONG. — CROWNED COURTESAN: The Tale of Theodora the Empress of Byzantium. By Marcel Brion. Translated by Waire Bradley Wells. 16s. MACLEHOSE.—THE SOLUTION OF CODES AND CIPHERS. By Louis C. S. Mansfield. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. APPLETON.—THE STARS SCREAM MURDER. By Arthur B. Reeve. 7s. 6d. BLACKWOOD.—HIGH STREET, AFRICA. By Henry Birch-Reynardson. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. ROUGH PASSAGE. By Commander R. D. Graham. Introduction by Claud Worth. Illustrated. 7s. 6d.

BE SURE YOUR CAR IS MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM



Cars, Bricks and Mortar

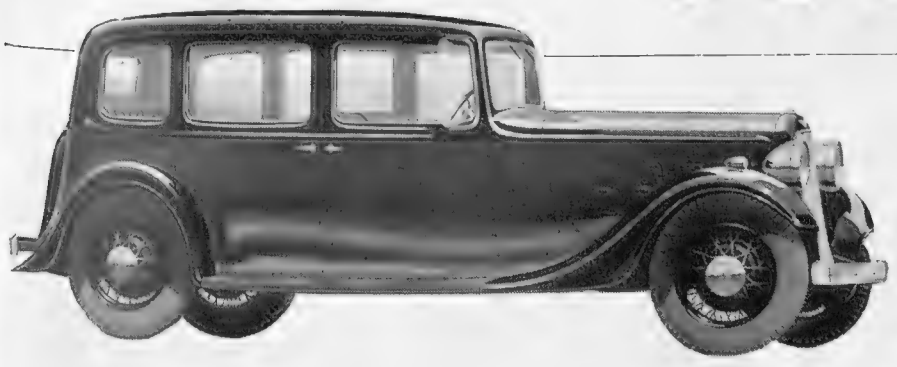
"I suppose everybody's job affects his outlook. And my tendency to think as an architect—to see things in terms of bricks and mortar even when I'm choosing a car—has saved me from some bad mistakes. In my own designing, you see, I have to be practical. No use saying 'that roof-line looks good' if it means rooms too low to stand up in! . . . So when a car manufacturer offers me attic windows and low roof lines because they're fashionable, or a windscreen sloped so much that it's a mud-and-rain trap, I turn his cars down flat.

I chose an Austin four years ago, and I'm investing in a second this year because Austin designs are based on sound sense. The Austin people make a car smart and up-to-date, but they also think of the comfort and safety and pockets of people like us.

My car will be running smoothly and cheaply and dependably for many seasons yet. That's the beauty of cars which, however little they cost, are not built on a price-cut basis. I've never seen a jerry-built Austin yet—nor have you!"

AUSTIN

Read the Austin Magazine: 4d. every month



The YORK Saloon with six-cylinder engine of 18 *h.p. or* 16 *h.p. 4-speed gearbox with Synchromesh on top, third and second gears. Deep, comfortable seats upholstered in Vaumol hide. Smith's Jackall Hydraulic Jacks, Dunlop tyres and Triplex glass. Price at works :* 18 *h.p.* **£328.** 16 *h.p.* **£318.** *Hayes Self-Selector Transmission* £50 *extra. For full particulars of all models, write for new catalogue, or call on the nearest Austin Dealer.*

YOU BUY A CAR—BUT YOU INVEST IN AN AUSTIN

The Austin Motor Company Limited, Birmingham and 479 Oxford Street, London. London Service Depots: 12, 16 & 20 h.p. Holland Park, W.11. 7 & 10 h.p. North Row, W.1. Export Department: Birmingham.

SPHERE POST BAG

Items of General Interest

THE FATHER OF THE LITTLE PEOPLE: This bronze bust of Grey Owl is the work of Maud Wethered, daughter of Vernon Wethered, the noted artist

IRELAND'S NO. 2: T. G. McVeagh, a twenty-four-year-old Dublin solicitor, who won both his matches in the Davis Cup contest with Sweden

RELIGIOUS CEREMONIAL IN BURMA: The Sawbwa of Yawnghwe, in the Shan States, bringing ashore one of the golden images. (*See note below*)

LUCIENNE AND HER SHADOW MAN, ASHOUR: A scene from the spring edition of the *Midnight Vanities*, the floor production presented at Grosvenor House by F. A. Mangan

In the southern Shan States of Burma there takes place once a year a Buddhist ceremonial which is in many respects unique. On the southern shore of the Inlé Lake is a shrine containing four figures of the Buddha, and annually these are taken across the water to receive homage in Yawnghwe and the various lake villages. The figures to-day have been covered with gold leaf to such an extent that their original form has almost disappeared. The manner in which they are transported constitutes a seemingly miraculous feat of balance on the part of the natives. The shrine is mounted on a barge and the rowers, standing on one leg, twist the other round the paddles, and propel the boat through the water at a speed which might well put to discomfort a well-trained 'Varsity eight.

As the line of boats leaves the southern shore another retinue approaches from Yawnghwe, headed by the Sawbwa's or ruling chief's barge. When the two processions meet silken umbrellas are unfurled, and with due reverence the images are transferred to the Sawbwa's care. The barges now proceed towards Yawnghwe, and amid the beating of drums and gongs a tremendous crowd greets them at the landing stage. Yet another procession then forms, and the images in their caskets are placed on a gilded carriage and borne in triumph through the streets to a building where they remain an object of worship for two days.

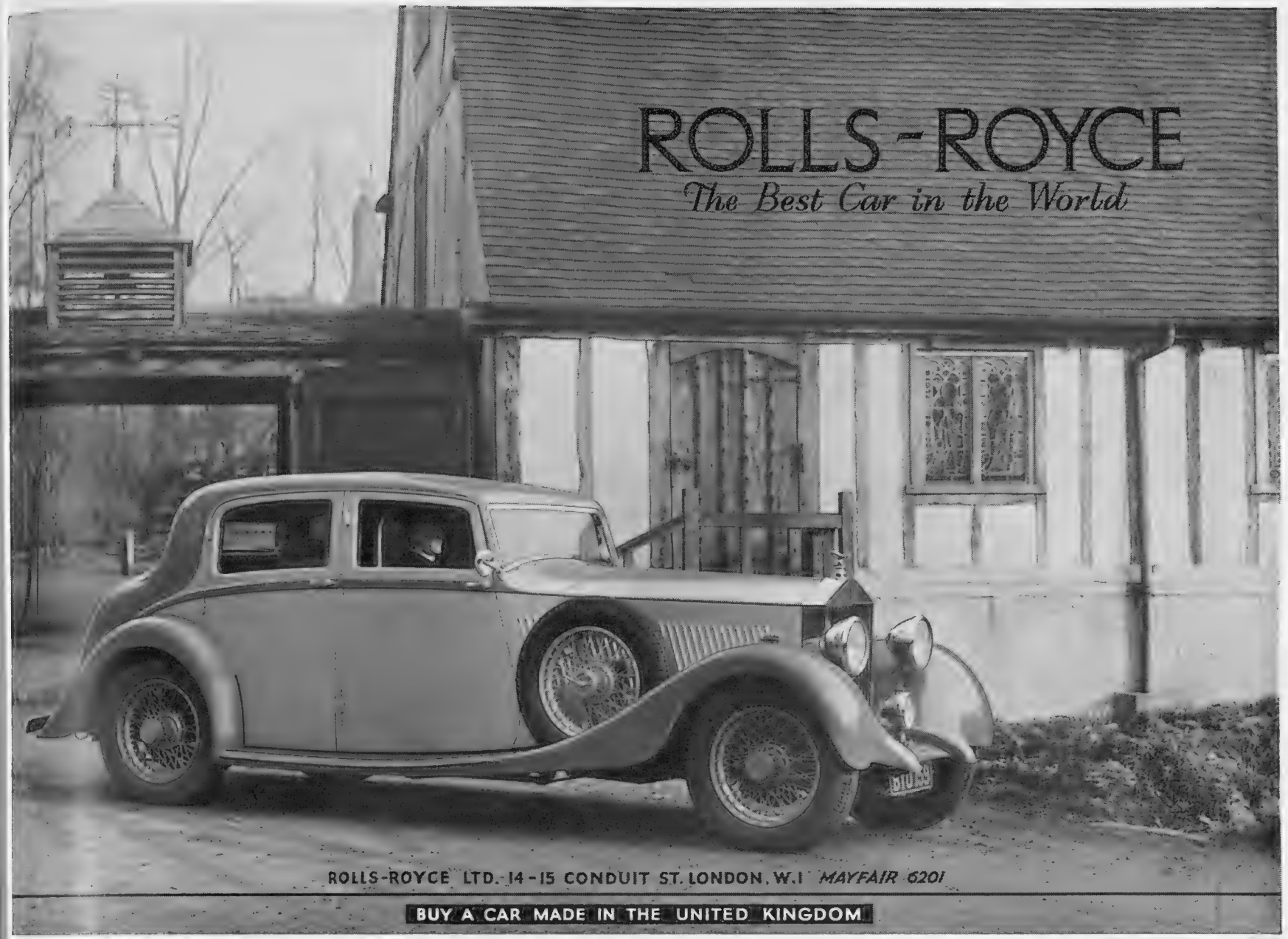
On left—THE DISCERNING EYE: Herr Lepke, the eminent German art auctioneer, examining a Kang-Hsi famille verte vase from the extensive collection of Joseph Hertl which has just been put up for sale in Berlin. Dealers and collectors attended from many foreign countries

THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL

Gordon's Gin

Stands Supreme

TANQUERAY GORDON & CO., LTD., GIN DISTILLERS, LONDON.



BOWL AND COVER.

Transluscent green jade inlaid with white jade. The stand of rosewood is inlaid with gold and silver. Kien Lung 1736-1795. Total height 13 ins.

Masterpieces of Craftsmanship

HOOPER & CO. HAVE HAD THE HONOUR TO SUPPLY CARRIAGES AND MOTOR-CARS TO THE ROYAL FAMILY CONTINUOUSLY FOR MORE THAN A CENTURY

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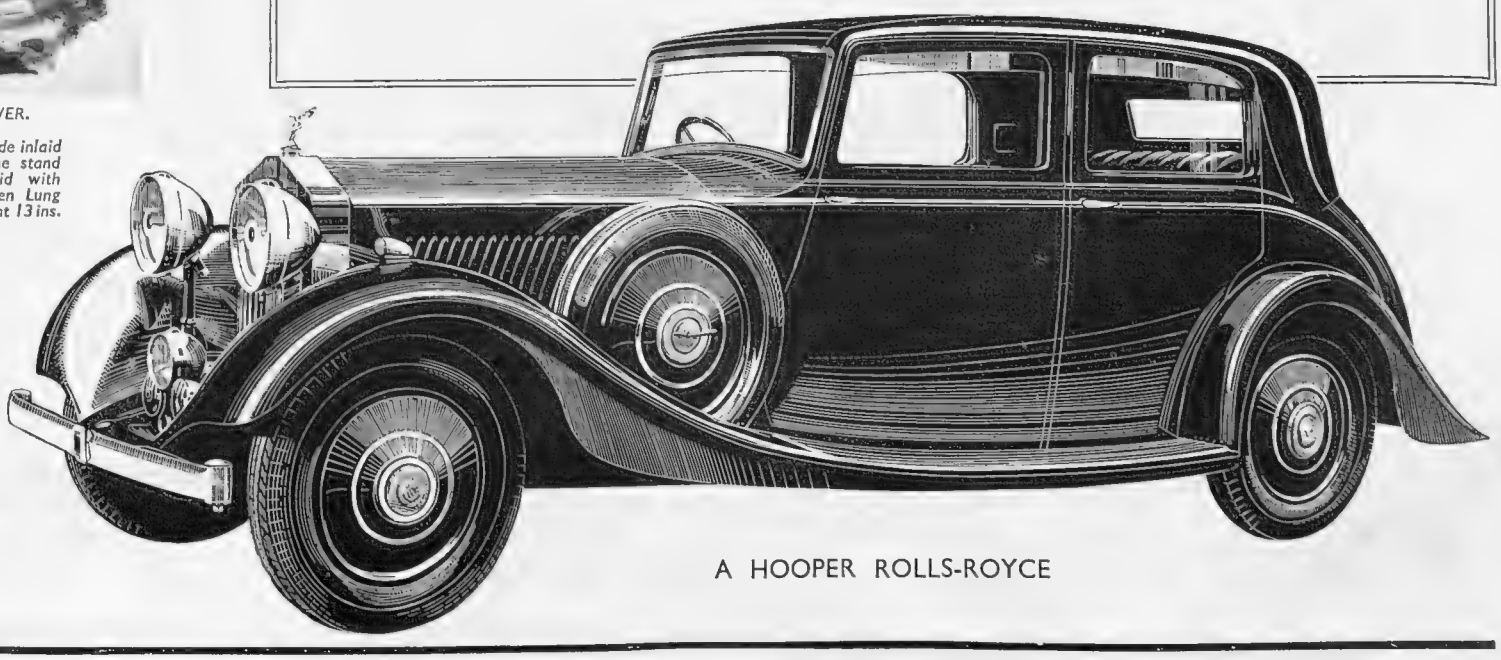

A HOOPER ROLLS-ROYCE

ESTAB. 1807

Kennington Service

"SUNSHINE ON LOCH EILT": One of the canvases included in the exhibition of Scottish landscapes and sporting pictures by Frank Wallace to be opened on Tuesday, June 9, at the Sporting Gallery

ITALY IN ENGLAND

(Continued from page 326)

Ministry of Labour permits to come over and work in this country grow more difficult every year to secure. This possibly has added to the apparent desirability of London in the eyes of young Italians. London, indeed, has been remarkably lucky for at least two Italians. You may remember Emilio Scala, the Bayswater café proprietor, who won the £276,000 first prize in the first Irish Sweep. True, he sold more than half his ticket but still it left him a very rich man. And then only a couple of years ago Stocco, who is associated with the management of the Café de Paris and the Café Anglais, won £15,000 (or was it £30,000?) in yet another Irish Sweep.

Of the remaining 5,000 Italians who do not live in London, about half are to be found in Glasgow, with Cardiff, Belfast, Manchester, and Liverpool respectively, claiming the bulk of the remainder. No wonder the Italian influence is so considerable in this country. It crops up in all sorts of unexpected places. Look at the Martini cocktail. Then our National Anthem was composed by an Italian, Gian Battista Lulli. Macaroni is only one of the many farinaceous foods which have been popularised in this country by Italians. You have Italian marble, or don't since the sanctions; you have Italian ice cream; and the season of Italian opera at Covent Garden is invariably the smartest with the most smartly dressed audiences. And here is a tip if you want a close-up of your favourite Italian opera singers—go to Prada's, a small restaurant in the Euston Road, where, by the way, they will serve you ravioli, gnocchi à la Romana, rizotto Milanaise, polenta, and maltagliati, and zabaglione quite magnificently.

To revert to *Italia Nostra*—the editor at the moment of course is largely concerned with propaganda. Last week's issue contains a letter bag from English readers, articles by Ezra Pound, and a number of genuinely interesting news items, thus:—

"No fewer than 143 new inventions patented in Italy during the first five months refer to 'anti-sanctions' devices. The desire to defy 'sanctions' and to make Italy independent from foreign imports seems to have focussed the attention of Italian inventors, with the result that the Patent Office in Rome has been kept exceptionally busy. Almost every form of scientific knowledge—from chemistry to engineering—has been covered.

"An experiment to replace steel and other metals with aluminium in ship-building is also being made in Italy."

In conclusion, I had almost forgotten the Italian Cathedral (for it is) of St. George at Southwark, while at 74, Grosvenor Square, you will find the Anglo-Italian Literary and Dante Society and the British Italian League. In a few days' time a general guide to the Italian colony in London will be published. In it you will find every possible detail from the Italian Wholesale Provision and Wine Merchants by way of the Italian Schools of Singing to the expert Italian hair tinters. Signor Grandi, the Italian Ambassador in London, must certainly have his hands full.

THE PETROL WORLD

(Continued from page 344)

has just had his first cylinder rebore when the car had completed its 150,000th mile.

The number of cars to be seen on the road in which the driver is unaccompanied, although his vehicle bears the red letter "L" of the learner-driver, has led to the issue by the Royal Automobile Club of a reminder and warning to new motorists. Whilst appreciating the fact that some persons driving unaccompanied in cars bearing learner-plates may be fully qualified, the R.A.C. reminds holders of provisional driving licences that until they have passed the driving test, they must not drive a car on a public highway unless accompanied by someone who has held a driving licence for at least two years or who has himself passed the driving test.

Over 4,000 temporary direction signs were supplied by the R.A.C. during the month of April. The chief objects of these signs is to warn motorists of road works that may be in progress, to indicate alternative routes where roads are closed, or to direct drivers to the scene of any special events. Of the last named, 170 were signposted during April, including such important events as the race meetings at Donington, the Cup Final, and the England versus Scotland match at Wembley.

FOR THE MERE MALE: The idea behind the new Simpson store in Piccadilly is that men should be able to buy there pretty well everything they need and, on the fifth floor, the requirements of the air-minded are catered for, as the accompanying picture shows. The main feature of this ultra-modern emporium in the heart of the West End is the tailoring department, which alone occupies some 40,000 sq. ft. of space

VISIT PARIS DURING THE BIG SEASON

AMAZING TRAVELLING FACILITIES

Presentation of Molière's Masterpieces in the Courtyard of the Louvre

Repetition of the True Mystery of the Passion in the Square of Notre-Dame

Long, Symbolical Procession of "France at Work"

Many other Celebrations

ALL INFORMATION MAY BE OBTAINED FROM TRAVEL AGENCIES

HAVAS

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

Abingdon.—The Crown & Thistle (Oxford 6 miles)
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281.
Bath.—Grand Pump Room Hotel. Tel. 3266.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel. 'Phone 3235-6.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Granville Hotel. Tel. 1437.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Sackville Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Headlands Private Hotel.
Bognor Regis.—Carlton Hotel. 'Phone 656.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bridlington.—Alexandra Hotel.
Brighton.—Royal Crescent Hotel. Tel. 4171.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Bude.—The Grenville Hotel.
Carlyon Bay.—St. Austell Bay Hotel.
Cromer.—The Grand Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel. Tel. 50.
Eastbourne.—Hydro Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exford, nr. Minehead.—Crown Hotel. 'Phone 43.
Exmouth.—Imperial Hotel.
Folkestone.—Royal Pavilion Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes' Hotel.
Guildford.—Tangley Hall. Tel. Shalford 179.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel. Tel. 3015-3016.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hastings.—Albany Hotel. Tel. 761 and 762.
Keswick, English Lakes.—The Keswick Hotel.
Keswick, English Lakes.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel.
Leamington Spa.—Regent Hotel.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Lowestoft.—Royal Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Middleton-on-Sea.—Southdean Hotel. Tel. 8.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. 511.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Shaldon (Sth Devon).—Undercliff Hotel.
Sheringham.—Sheringham Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Knowle Hotel. Tel. 5.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Southampton.—The Polygon Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
St. Leonards.—Adelphi Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. 'Phone 2671
Tavistock (Devon).—Bedford Hotel. Tel. 37.
Tewkesbury, Gloucester.—Royal Hop Pole Hotel
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
Westcliff-on-Sea.—Westcliff Hotel.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel
Worthing.—Percival's Hotel. Sea front. Tel. 1661
Yelverton (S. Devon).—Rock Hotel.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel. Tel. Sloane 4521.
Cadogan Hotel, Sloane Street, S.W.1.
De Vere Hotel, S.W.7. West 0051.
Goring Hotel, S.W.1. Victoria 8210.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.

SCOTLAND

Connel Ferry.—Falls of Lora Hotel.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent
Oban (Western Highlands).—The Station Hotel.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Scotland's Hotel.
Onich (North Ballachulish).—Creagdhu Hotel.
Peebles.—Peebles Hydro.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly) Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Great N. (Rly) Hotel.
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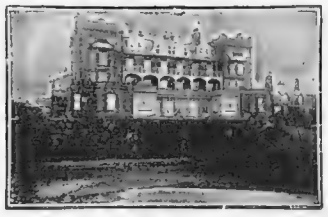

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The Country with a Binding Spell

THE LAND OF SAINTS: A ruined chapel and ancient graveyard, carrying the imagination back to Ireland's early Christian era

IRELAND has always inspired a more passionate loyalty in her sons than almost any other country in the world. That in itself seemed to me a good enough reason for going there in the first place, despite the unfavourable things people had to say about the roads and the hotels (they have stopped saying most of them now; the improvements of the last few years have been remarkable). Another good reason was the Irish brogue—so soft and fascinating that I could imagine nowhere better than a land where everybody spoke it. Then, again, there was the idea of Ireland's shadowy Celtic past, of the legends of ancient kings and chiefs, and the strange stories of early Christianity finding roots in this far corner of the world which had a certain fascination for me.

In respect of none of these was I disappointed, and I find it hard to believe that anybody who felt attracted to Ireland could ever be disappointed by it. The country begins to exert its spell as soon as one sets foot ashore, and it is an easier, pleasanter journey to make than many going abroad; you can be there nine hours after leaving London, if you travel by the Irish Mail, or going via Liverpool it is a comfortable night's journey. In either case, it is probably Dublin you will see first (the Irish mail boat lands you at Dunlaoghaire, formerly Kingstown, which is no great distance away), and Dublin is one of the really distinguished European capitals.

The place has an air of lightness, an eighteenth century gaiety and grace about it that is wholly exhilarating. Go a little below the surface appearances, however, and you will find traces of a much older life. Christ Church Cathedral was founded by the Danes, and in its crypt the original Danish architecture may still be seen. St. Patrick's, the twin cathedral, was founded by the Normans, and this in a sense is the true national shrine, steeped in vivid memories of Ireland's turbulent past: if one knew all the stories connected with St. Patrick's, one would not have very much more to learn about the history of Ireland. It was of St. Patrick's that Jonathan Swift was Dean, and part of his house, to the north of the cathedral, is still the same as it was when he lived there.

It was in Swift's time that Dublin's finest streets and squares were coming into existence; Kildare Street, for instance, and Merrion Square and Fitzwilliam Square. The visitor will want to explore this quarter at his leisure. He will also want to explore the buildings of that famous university, Trinity College, and possibly—if he shares my feeling for the Celtic past—to see the magnificent collection of golden ornaments and other ancient treasures that is housed in the National Museum.

Dublin is fortunate in having some of the loveliest country in Ireland close at hand, and no one who visits the capital should fail at the same time to visit County Wicklow. Glendalough is a famous beauty spot, and deservedly so; its lakes, lying deep down amidst the wooded hills, have a brooding calm about them that even Glendalough's spreading reputation, which takes more and more people there every year, cannot disturb. In the dim past there was a religious settlement here and the ruins of it now bear the name of "The Seven Churches of Glendalough." Actually, it seems, according to modern archæologists, there were not seven, whatever other number there may have been, but that is a point of no great importance: the ruins are interesting just the same. Another feature of Glendalough is its round tower, a characteristic refuge place such as one finds in many of those districts which were habitually raided by the Danes. Also in Wicklow, and well worth visiting, is Greystones, on the coast, where there is a kind of Arcadian charm about the slope of the hills down to the sea, the woods, the flowery glades, that it is difficult to compare them to any other landscape I have seen.

If the south-east coast is easiest of access to English visitors, there are places in the north and north-east and west as well that will repay a slightly longer journey. It would be foolish, for example, to suppose that one was qualified to speak about knowing Ireland without having been to Belfast. Compared with Dublin, it appears rather a dour place, but it has all the forcefulness and vigour of a great modern city, and its present size is a real tribute to Ulster's progressive character. The new Parliament House is, of course, the most notable of its recent architectural achievements, and is a building worthy of the six counties it represents, with a spacious and dignified approach. You find it on the way to Strangford Lough. Worth seeing is the Magowan collection of pictures of old Belfast in the Museum; and even better worth seeing is Carrickfergus, the original capital of Ulster, with the fine ruins of Carrick Castle standing out square and solid on its rock. It was here, incidentally, that William III landed in 1693, and on July 12 the Battle of the Boyne is still celebrated with great junketings in Belfast.

To the south of Belfast is County Down, and here are the beautiful Mourne Mountains, of which the most beautiful of all bears the soft sounding name, Slieve Douard. In this part are various good places to stay—Newcastle is perhaps the best known of them and is a thoroughly well organised resort with a fine golf course. A little farther down the coast, though, the small fishing village of Kilkeel offers one a complete contrast, being as yet quite unsophisticated. Slightly farther south still is Carlingford Lough, and here may be mentioned Rosstrevor on the north side of the Lough and Greenore on the south. The former is in Northern Ireland and the latter in the Irish Free State. They are both charming, and the only other essential difference between them is that whereas Rosstrevor faces due south, and is completely sheltered by the Mourne Mountains, Greenore faces north and commands a splendid view of them: so you can take your choice.

The famous Giant's Causeway, one of Ireland's most widely advertised "sights," is right up on the north coast, and Portrush, which is near it, is one of Ireland's best-liked seaside places. Here, too, there is an admirable golf course, and every other amenity that belongs to the sociable, active holiday. Bundoran, in the west, is also a place where one can find plenty to do, though there is something about the Donegal atmosphere that inspires one to idleness. Here the coastline is extraordinarily beautiful, the best view of Donegal Bay being perhaps the one you get from Mullaghmore, some ten miles to the south of Bundoran; the road that runs between the mountains and the sea deserves a high place in any list one might compile of Europe's finest motor drives.

Richard Nowell

THE SUBLIME BEAUTY OF THE NORTH-WEST: Muckish Mount, its outlines blue in the distance, lends enchantment to this typically Irish scene

DUBLIN FROM PHŒNIX PARK: Looking over the tree-tops towards the city from the loveliest and greenest of its open spaces

Drawings by Percy Horne

ON THE ROAD TO GLENDALOUGH: Picturesque cabins, with heavily-buttressed walls, standing beside the highway in the shadow of Wicklow's lofty hills

IRELAND

'Twas the dream of a God,
And the mould of His hand,
That you shook 'neath His stroke,
That you trembled and broke
To this beautiful land.

Here He loosed from His hold
A brown tumult of wings,
Till the wind on the sea
Bore the strange melody
Of an island that sings.

He made you all fair,
You in purple and gold,
You in silver and green,
Till no eye that has seen
Without love can behold,

—Dora Sigerson

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, will be promptly answered

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It is the last word, the *very* last word in Roadhouse Hotels. It caters for the wayfarer—breakfast, lunch, tea, and dinner. It provides a snack bar for those in a hurry. But of greater importance—and this is where Catering Houses have gone one better than anyone else—it provides a superlative holiday headquarters for those who would holiday away from the sea, and who would rejoice in a picked spot in one of the highest and healthiest parts of always lovely Surrey.

From its outside appearance—a solid red brick tiled structure—you might pass it a hundred times as it conveys nothing of the attractions of its interior. So next time you are in that direction don't be content to stop just to have a meal or other form of refreshment, ask the management to show you round, and you will give gasps of surprise at every turn.

The last word in decoration and furnishings, spotlessly clean, gay, modern, hot and cold running water in every bedroom, central heating, and open fires, rooms with private bathrooms. There is not one bad room in the place; from all the windows there are views—such views—but from the Turret Room there are literally views to all four points of the compass, embracing Surrey, Hampshire, Sussex, Middlesex, Berkshire, and perhaps beyond. For the site of the Hogs Back Hotel was originally the semaphore station for the transmission of war news from Portsmouth to Whitehall, via Butser Hill and Binstead and thence from this site on to Whitehall. The local name for the hill on which the hotel is built is "Telegraph Hill" and is 450-500 ft. above sea level.

With the exception of Hindhead, there can be very few inland hotels in the south which are situated on such high ground, so the Hogs Back Hotel is surely the fitting solution for those who are advised by their doctor to holiday away from the sea, on high ground, in comfort, and free from any worry.

But the Hogs Back Hotel has just as much appeal to the golfer, the sportsman, the explorer of the countryside and the keen racegoer, as the following particulars will show.

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To attempt to record all that the motorist can do, using the Hogs Back Hotel as headquarters, is too big a task, but here is sufficient to whet the motorist's appetite. Three miles away are the ruins of Waverley Abbey, and it is a lovely run on to Milford and then by highways and byways to Churt, Frensham Ponds, and back through Farnham. Compton is about six miles, where, in the Watts Galleries, is a fine collection of the works of the late G. F. Watts, R.A. Guildford is about six miles; Farnham Castle, five; Bisley, nine; and this is worth noting—the Aldershot Tattoo arena is only four miles, *verb. sap.*

But as the Hogs Back Hotel is alongside the route of the old Pilgrims' Way, along which the pilgrims used to wend their way from the coast to Canterbury, it is fitting that those who stay at this hotel should traverse some of this route themselves, or at any rate until they arrive at the Hoskins Arms at Oxted, another of the modernly equipped group of hotels under the management of Catering Houses.

Through Guildford then, visiting the Abbot's Hospital, on to Newlands Corner, where you can feast on the view prior to descending the hill through Albury, Shere, Gomshall, and Abinger Hammer to Dorking. Then on to Reigate, with Box Hill dominating the northern side of the road, through Redhill, Godstone, and so to Oxted, where you should look out for a road-sign reading "Hoskins Arms Hotel—600 yards left."

This modern pilgrimage is only thirty-two miles from the Hogs Back Hotel, and every mile is worth it. In any case you should visit the Hoskins Arms one day for it is in keeping with the high standard set by Catering Houses, and is in the centre of a country which is rich historically and scenically, as well as being an excellent stepping-off ground for the sportsman.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.*

The
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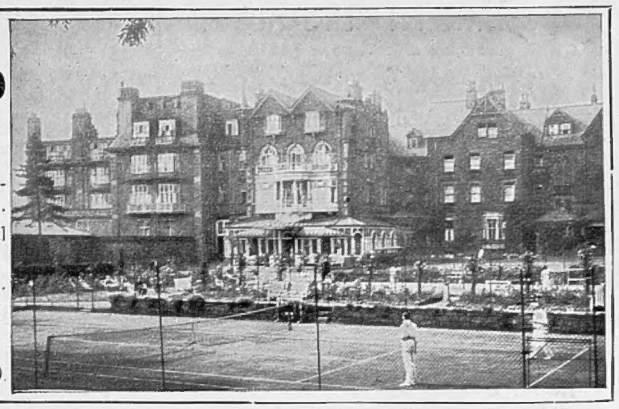

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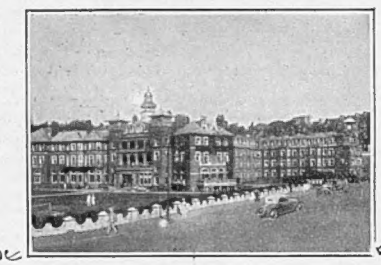

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CURRENT DRAMA

(Continued from page 343)

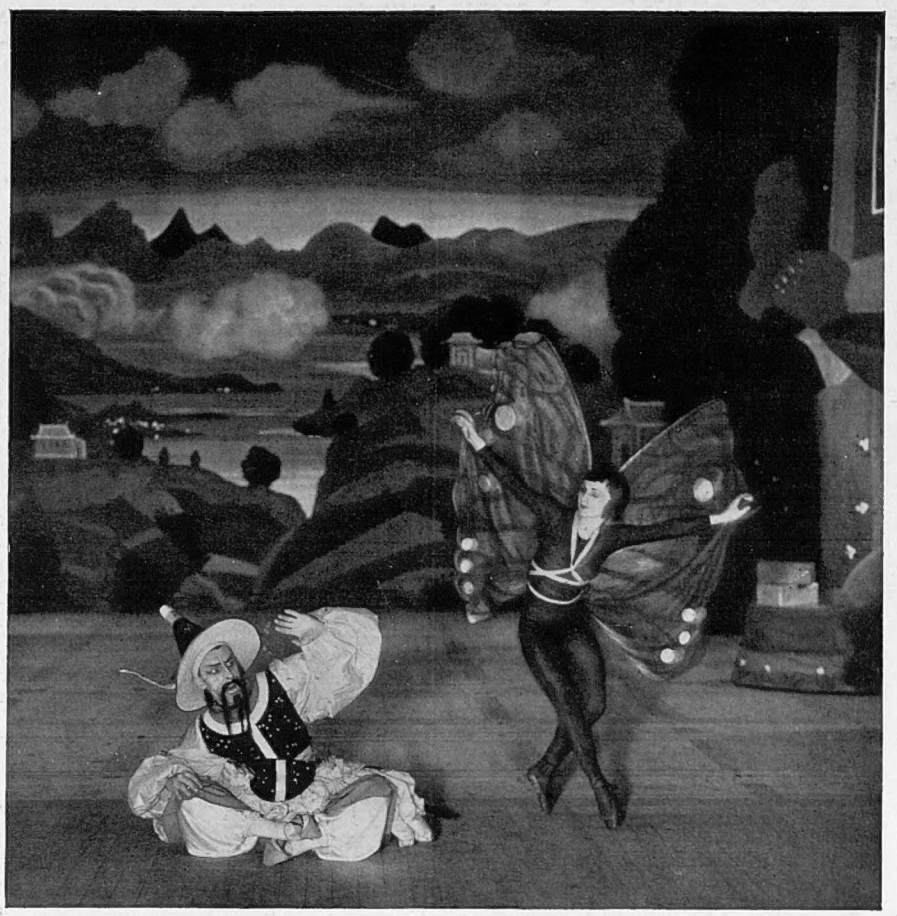
"Bitter Harvest."—If a carefully constructed play and good acting count in the theatre to-day as much as they should, *Bitter Harvest* deserves to have as long a run as *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*. With that play it may be compared, not only because both skate over some rather thin ice in the matter of family relationships. The hero of *Bitter Harvest*, now at the St. Martin's, being the poet Byron, the ice is rather thinner.

To go, in great detail, into the case of Byron and his half-sister, Augusta Leigh, might form an interesting trip up a dark and possibly unsavoury backwater of literary history, but it would not necessarily make a good play. Here that friendship is the *clou* of the whole drama, but it so obviously exists to support that drama and not to appeal to sensational tastes of the baser sort.

The petty squabbles between the poet and Lady Caroline Lamb, made by Miss Nadine March into the pest she undoubtedly must have been; the meeting of Byron and Augusta and their first realisation that they were on dangerous ground; the agonising rows and misunderstandings between Byron and his unfortunate wife—these become a play which is not only a fine one, but is far less pigeon-holed and episodic than might have been expected.

Miss Mary Glynne played Augusta with tact, skill, and charm. Miss Joyce Kennedy gave a sympathetic performance; if she did not resemble the Lady Oxford of the day (who was far older than the poet) it is certain that Mr. Eric Portman at times closely resembled Mr. Anthony Asquith, and that his portrayal of Byron in all his bewildering moods could not have been better.

"Ballets de Monte Carlo."—An audience of Covent Garden brilliance assembled at the Alhambra to welcome the new Ballet Company—that with which is associated the veteran M. Michel Fokine, to whom we are indebted for such pre-war favourites as "Les Sylphides."



"L'EPREUVE D'AMOUR": Michel Fokine's new ballet, with recently discovered and characteristic music by Mozart, which is one of the features of the season that has just started so auspiciously at the Alhambra

"Les Sylphides" and "Petrouchka" formed part of the opening programme. They and the company turned out to be equally fresh in the best sense of the word, and the chief dancers, particularly Mme Kirsova, Mme Ruanova, and M. Eblevsky, are really flawless.

The novelty of the evening, "L'Epreuve d'Amour," a Chinese fantasy based on some recently discovered Mozart music, proved that such things can be delightful, but also that the Mozart idiom (this is not quite first-rate Mozart) can become rather monotonous after ten minutes, well though the orchestra played.

"Royal Academy Illustrated," 1936

The *Royal Academy Illustrated*, just published, forms a complete souvenir of this year's Exhibition. It includes a reproduction of a picture which is the property of Her Majesty the Queen—"The Heart of the Empire," by F. O. Salisbury, depicting the Jubilee service in St. Paul's Cathedral; it will go into the Buckingham Palace Collection. There are also portraits of the Archbishop of Canterbury by Sir William Llewellyn, P.R.A., the Bishop of London by Katherine Lloyd, the Duke of York by Simon Elwes, the Duchess of York and the Princesses by Edmond Brock. Landscapes by Algernon Newton and Charles M. Gere, and portraits by T. C. Dugdale. Mr. James Bateman is also represented by "Commotion in the Cattle Ring," one of the few "action pictures" in this year's exhibition. Mr. George Belcher's "I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls" is also reproduced. There are altogether 126 pages printed by half-tone process. The volume is sold at 2s. 6d. and is obtainable from any bookseller, or direct from the Publishers, Walter Judd, Ltd., 47, Gresham Street, E.C.2.

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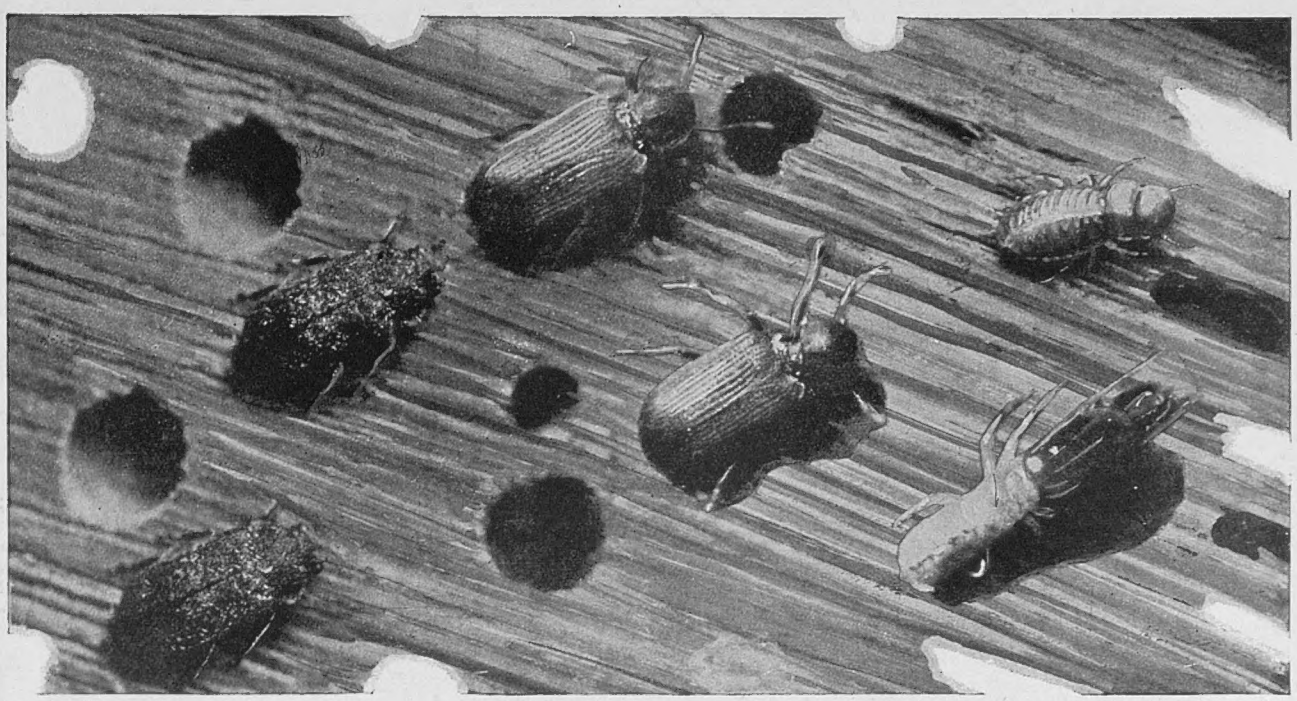

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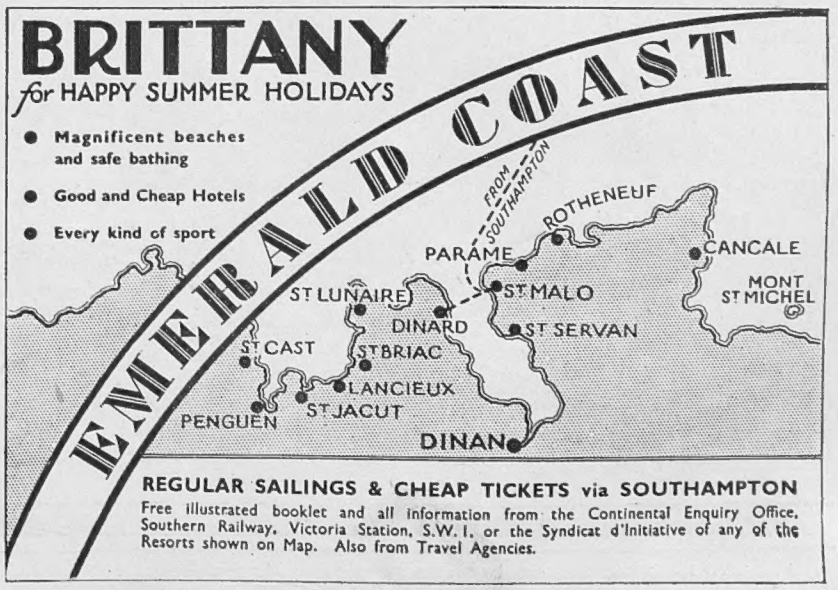

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